The Centre Reporter.

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CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1886. NO. 28

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r

The first six months of 1886 furnish a rather remarkable record of the results of railroad mismanagement in the United States. Over five thousand miles of this species of property under the names of seventeen different corporations have been sold under foreclosure. The face value of securities representing this property is $291,620,000, the majority of which is bonded indebtedness and the rest capital stock. It is not too much to say that these bankruptcies have been brought about mainly by over-capitalization attended by a transfer of what should have been devoted to reducing the indebtedness to the private accounts of the managers.

Thomas Hendricks declined ta run a second time with Tilden, he thought him too old. Hendricks is dead and Tilden is living.

When you find a fellow joining every order and society, along with temperance and anti-temperance, and for years hugging Tom, Dick and Harry, in order to get support for an office, and doing all kinds of dishonorable tricks besides, you can make up your mind the fellow has very little merit to go on, particularly when after all such stooping he finds it hard work and uphill business to enlist support. With what satisfaction such a fellow must look at himself in his glass.

John Kelly thought it would not do to nominate Tilden, he was to old to live out his term. John Kelly is dead and Tilden is living.

So far as the returns have come in Potter township has already been traded off to three or four Sheriff candidates for next year, on the Prothonotary race now going. All of these fellows will find themselves cheated when next year comes around, just as a half dozen sheriff candidates found themselves duped two years ago in taking the word of a candidate for prothonotary in a like deal. The fellow who presumes to put the Democrats of Potter in market like sheep, won't be able to deliver the goods at all. Mark that.

Seymour was thought of for the nomination—but Seymour is dead and Tilden is living.

It looks as if the oleomargerine bill would pass the senate with a tax of 5 cents per pound. Senator Harris submitted an amendment to the bill which proposes to substitute for all the provisions of the bill, except those defining oleomargerine, a provision making it a misdemeanor for any person to sell or offer for sale in the District of Columbia or Territories of the United States any oleomargerine which is not destinctly branded and sold as such.

Enemies of the bill claim that the President will vetoed the bill on the ground that it is prohibitory legislation, and that the revenue that might be derived from the tax is not needed.

Hancock was nominated because Tilden might be too old. Hancock is dead and Tilden is living.

In Mifflin county, Messrs. Parcels, Uttley and Sheaffer, Democratic candidates for nomination for Congress in the 20th District, embracing Union, Clearfield, Clinton, Elk, Mifflin and Centre county, have withdrawn from the contest. Hon. Andrew Reed is now the only candidate from that county.

M'Clellan was young and thought a proper person for nomination, because Tilden was so old. M'Clellan is dead and Tilden is living.

Illinois has got up a new potato bug, as if the formers one was not bad enough. Illinois farmer state that the potatoes are being destroyed by a big black bug that is even more dangerous and destructive than the common striped bug. They are about a quarter of an inch long, and have done considerable damage.

Wilson Norris will next claim he won the battle of Jericho—a little more benzine and he'll say it.

"The Republican platform includes all that is worth saying," says the Bellefonte *Republican*. And the *Republican* might have added that Gen. Beaver told the convention beforehand that he was willing to accept anything the convention would say.

Ex-Senator Coxe has declared himself in favor of Wallace for Governor.

One of the Prothonotary candidates says some of the others are not honorable. For one that has done everything that is low and dishonorable to gain support to making such an assertion, is the most ridiculous impudence. Satan reproving sin.

A. H. Dill will be a candidnte for congress in Union county, in which event Mr. Baker will not enter the race.

THE RECEIPTS FROM MONEY AT INTEREST.

The counties of Adams, Armstrong, Bedford, Blair, Butler, Cameron, Chester, Clarion, Clearfield, Cumberland, Elk, Fayette, Forest, Juniata, Lawrence, McKean, Mifflin, Montour, Perry, Somerset, Susquehanna, and Union have filed their reports of the amounts of assessments of tax with the Attorney General. The main interest in them is the largely-increased amount of money at interest in every county thus far reported, the percentage of increase, as compared with the previous year ranges from 100 to 4,000, and the average increase is 329. The counties indicated last year reported moneys at interest subject to the four-mill tax at $11,382,946. The amounts this year from the same counties aggregate $48,846,800. As the tax has been reduced to three mills the revenue the State will get from these counties will reach $146,540, against $45,521 received last year. Although completed, the report of the assessments levied in Philadelphia the current year has not been received at the Auditor General's Department.

The amount of money at interest is placed at $128,234,169, an increase of $41,631,270, as compared with the assessments of the previous year. As the assessment in Philadelphia heretofore has been more rigid than in other portions of the State, the increase is about only forty-eight per cent, reducing the average increase to about eighty-one per cent. Including Philadelphia the reported assessments aggregate $177,080,969 as against $97,955,845 the previous year in the same counties. In all the counties of the State reported last year the amount was $145,286,762, realizing a tax, at four mills of $581,000. The tax the State will receive from the twenty-three counties which have filed reports at the Auditor General's Department and Philadelphia will reach about $531,000. The remaining counties are expected to swell the amount to nearly $2,000,000.

Reports from various parts of Illinois indicate heavy loss to crops from hail, wind and rain. The destruction in several localities is estimated at 40 per cent. Intensely hot weather is reported, from Northern Dakota, and in portions of Iowa. Grain is said to be suffering.

MILLS STOPPED AND CROPS RUINED IN NEW ENGLAND.

New England just at present is suffering from a drouth the disasterous effect of which has rarely been witnessed in this section of the country. For nearly two months, except in local instances, little or no rain has fallen, and from all directions reports have been received of the great damage that has been done to the later crops, vegetables, and fruits. All through Massachusets the grass is perfectly dead, while the leaves on the trees have turned yellow and are falling from the boughs. All the rivers are low especially the Connecticut and Merrimac. In both these valleys the rivers have dwindled to mere ribbons, while most of their tributaries have gone dry, causing a large number of mills to shut down and throw an army of hands out of work. At Cape Cod most of the bogs and springs have dried up. It is estimated that two thirds of the cranberry crop is ruined. Along the Connecticut the damage done is very serious. The hay crops have been gathered, but barley, oats, and vegetables are a total loss, and the citizens are afraid passing locomotives will fire the inflamable materials. A number of the towns have put the inhabitants on short rations, as the supply is nearly exhausted. In Vermont the great grazing grounds are grassless, and great trouble is experienced in getting sufficient fodder. There has been no rain for weeks, and there is no sign of it. From all quarters come reports of extensive forest fires. Farmers and lumbermen in and about Twin Lakes, Holton, Whitehall, Fruitport and New Holland have been battling the flames for days, and many of them have been obliged to move their families and household goods on accounts of the threatening danger.

From Maine also come sad reports and it is hoped that the rain, which began will end the drouth which has prevailed throughout Eastern Maine for several weeks, and which has done much damage to crops already. Springs have given out and rivers as large as the Penobscot have run low enough to bother the logmen. On the Nattawankea river 6,000,000 feet of logs are hung up, and a big crew is now engaged in an effort to float them down. The branch drive of 35,000,000 feet will not reach the boom before August 10.

Powderly says he will not accept a nomination for Governor if tendered him unanimously and would not serve if elected.

Gen. Beaver has gone to California. Will not the golden state feel slighted if the General leaves her borders without having taken a sip of her delicious wines? The General should at least take a smile.

BEAVER TALKS AND DRINKS.

The Story he Told a Liquor League Delegate.

Pittsburg, July 14.—All the delegates to the Convention of the State Liquor League had arrived in the city before 10 o'clock yesterday morning. At that hour a meeting of the Executive Committee was held at the Hotel Duquesne, and the program for the convention mapped out. At 1 o'clock the delegates formed in front of the hotel for the opening parade. Nearly all were in carriages or buggies, over 200 persons being in the line of march. The Pittsburgh City Band headed the procession.

GEN. BEAVER'S TALK.

General James A. Beaver, the Republican candidate for Governor, got on the Fast Line which bore the greater number of delegates to the city on Wednesday night. The General had been in Philadelphia and came as far as Tyrone. He circulated freely among the delegates and tried to make friends with all of them.

Stephen M. Nash, of the Philadelphia *Volksblatt*, and a delegate to the convention, gives this conversation as having occurred between him and General Beaver:

"I asked the General to take a drink, but he declined. He said that he did'nt want me to think though that he was a temperance man."

"Down at Bellefonte they think I'm a great temperance man," said General Beaver, 'and maybe I am there, but they're greatly mistaken. Why I go on tears often. I don't do it as often as I would like to, because it hurts me, and I can't stand it. But don't you liquor men get the idea in your heads that I am a Prohibitionist, or a temperance advocate. I like a drink once in a while just as well as anyone else does, and I take it, too."

Mr. Nash says he is willing to be qualified to the truth of the statement. General Beaver himself called him to a quiet place at the end of the car in order to have the conversation with him.—*Post.*

CHANGING INTO A DESERT.

The Plains of Colorado Drying Up and the Inhabitants Suffering.

Denver, Col., July 16.—The great plains are hot and parched and daily they are becoming more like the veritable desert of the pioneer days. Not for many years has there been such a scarcity of water in Colorado, and especially in the region of the Platte. Vegetation is becoming brown and crisp. The grass is withered, wells are drying up, irrigation ditches are dry, crops are burned up by the intense heat. Cattle are dying, and at some points on the plains the people are almost perishing for water.

Pitiful are the tales told by ranchmen of crops destroyed, cattle perishing and their families in great danger of suffering. Reports from the eastern parts Arapahoe and Weed counties, near the Colordo and Kansas line, represent a terrible state of affairs. This section seems fated to disaster and misfortune. Last winter it is estimated that 100 people lost their lives near the State line in snow blockades and terrible storms that prevailed. Now they are scourged with an intense heat that is bringing ruin and disaster. No emigrants for many years have suffered such extremes of cold and heat as they. Induced by the favorable reports of the rainfall of the two previous years, and influenced by the commonly accepted theory that the rainfall is each year increasing and the rain centre moving westward, hundreds of new settlers have attempted raising crops without irrigation, but the present season has been a very unfortunate one, not only the crops totally destroyed and their stock dying, but the unfortunate ranchmen and their families are in some places suffering for water to drink. Nothing but misery is ahead of them, and unless relief of some kind is soon obtained it is said that they will be obliged to move away or perish. Cattle are choking with thirst, and often the poor brutes are seen standing at the dried up watering places with tongues lolling out of their mouths.

In some places the wild animals are becoming tame, even the antelope, the fleetest and most active animals on the plains, in some instances have become so exhausted from thirst that they have been easily captured by boys from the ranches. The reports from all the ranchmen confirm the statement that unless water is procured the suffering among cattle will result most fatally and that the loss to ranchmen will be immense, as these little bunches are in many cases all the ranchmen possess; to lose them would be most disastrous. In fact, as one ranchman expressed it, it is a matter of life and death to them. The great stock ranges, which it had been hoped would escape, are now becoming brown, and the leading stockmen are beginning to feel apprehensive. The cattle have suffered more in the southern sections and many have perished.

Raleigh, N.C., July 14.—Heavy and continuous rains throughout the State have caused the greatest floods since 1867.

Farmers on the Cape Fear river have lost all their crops and many have been forced to leave their homes on account of the flood. Many turpentine distilleries are under water and stores and dwellings are deserted. All the low land crops in the State are injured, and only in a few sections on stiff uplands is there much prospect of any sort of crops. The damage in many sections is well nigh total and in others from one quarter to one-half.

Gov. Curtin is mentioned in many parts of the state in connection with the Democratic nomination for governor.

BADLY SHAKEN UP.

SHOCKS OF EARTHQUAKE IN NEW ZEALAND.

Graphic Details of the Terrible Upheavels on the South Pacific—A Scene of Grandeur on the Isle of Rotona.

San Francisco, July 12.—Further details of the earthquakes in New Zealand state that the most violent disturbances were felt in the neighborhood of Rotona. The severity of the shocks led many to believe that the island would sink into the sea. The sensation is said to have been fearful beyond description. Immediately after the first shock the inhabitants rushed frantically in all directions. When the second shock came the country for miles around was lit up by the glare from a volcano which had suddenly burst into activity. The scene was as grand as it was awful. Huge volumes of smoke illuminated with flames simultaneously burst forth from a range of mountains over 60 miles in length, and above the smoke could be seen huge masses of fire resembling meteors rushing through the sky. The natives who had escaped death gathered in groups and filled with abject terror, held religious services, but when another shock would cause the earth to tremble they would fall with their faces to the ground quivering with fear. As soon as news of the fearful occurance was received at Auckland a government agent made immediate preparations to go to the relief of the suffering. Wagons were chartered and filled with provisions and clothes. Mr. Johnston, the government agent, on his arrival at Rotona sent back the following account: "The scene among the mountains as viewed from the Wairoa road is terribly grand. Flashes of lightning, peals of thunder and shocks of earthquake are incessant, while dust is falling in heavy showers. In addition to these inconveniences the roads throughout the entire country are covered with several feet of blue clay and mud ejected from the volcanoes. All vegetation is destroyed, and the aspect of the country is entirely changed. Blue Lake and Lake Rotakakahi have been transformed into mud baths. The outlet of the latter is blocked up, and the bridges which cross the lower end are covered with mud. Nearly all the buildings that I have noticed are crushed in by falling mud. At this place Snow's Temperance hall and the two principal hotels, as are nearly all the other buildings in the town, are completely wrecked. The house occupied by Mrs. Hazard and her family was borne down by the weight of the debris. Mrs. Hazard was dug out alive, but four of her children were found dead. Mr. Hazard is missing. Detailed reports of the foreign residents at other points who were killed have not yet been received."

The captain of the steamship Southern Cross, which arrived at Auckland on the 18th, reports having felt at sea the effect of the disturbances. On the morning of June 10, the day following the earthquakes, he experienced the downfall of dust. From 5 to 10 a. m. there was complete darkness, and balls of fire were continually playing around the mastheads. A terrible gale suddenly sprang up and carried all his canvas away before it could be taken in. The men were unable to stand the blinding showers of dust and the vessel was put about and stood away to the north, but it was not until 11 o'clock of the day following that the dust was left behind. The reports show that earthquakes generally prevailed at all points in New Zealand during the same period.

A REJECTED LOVER'S FRENZY.

Terrible Sequel to the Breaking of an Engagement—Five Persons Shot.

Nashville, Tenn., July 19.—A sensational affair occurred here last night, in which five persons were injured, two of them seriously. P. H. Monahon has been courting Miss Laura Carney for two years or more. For a time they were engaged, but Monahon, being very jealous, annoyed her so much with watching and fault-finding that she recently broke the engagement. Last night Miss Carney and some of the neighbors were setting in the parlor singing, when Mahonahan entered the room, pistol in hand, and without a word, shot Miss Carney in the head. He then shot John Rice, the ball striking him in the abdomen, but was turned by a button so as to prevent a fatal wound. He next shot Mrs. Carney through the arm, and John Clap, who attempted to disarm him, received a bullet through the hand. Stepping into the hall, he then shot himself in the head. His own wound and that of Miss Carney are perhaps fatal. The affair caused the greatest excitement, and there were determined threats of lynching, which was only prevented by the quick arrival of the police, who carried him to jail as quickly as possible. Monohon is delirious and keeps repeating that Laura's mother made him kill her by her opposition to his suit.

APPLES, PEACHES AND PLUMS DAMAGED.

Shamokin, July 19.—A heavy hail storm, accompanied by fierce lightning and thunder visited the Shamokin Valley last night. In the agricultural district of Ellysburg the loss will run up into the thousands. The damage to fruit is especially severe. One farmer's fruitage alone was damaged to the extent of $500. Apples, peaches and plums this morning cover the ground. The hailstones were the size of walnuts. This storm also did much damage in parts of Union co.

CLINTON'S PROHIBITION NOMINEES.

Lock Haven July 15.—The Clinton Co. Prohibition Convention met here to-day. Charles S. Wolfe was present and at several stages assisted the machinery of the convention. G. M. Hills, S. M. Bickford, Charles Kyle and Rev. W. C. Robbins were elected delegates to the State Convention. They are uninstructed and have power to elect three of their number as Congressional and Senatorial conferrees. Lewis Putt, of Renovo, was nominated for Assembly, and John Morris, of Sugar Valley, and S. M. Bickford for Associate Judges. A permanent county organization was effected.

HOW NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS IS TREATED.

Washington, July 21.—It is stated by friends of the Grant family here, that Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris is entirely dependent upon her mother for everything that she and her children need except shelter and food. She lives with her husband's people in England, but her husband neglects her and makes no provision for her support. Her mother sends her all the money she has.

BLOODY AFFRAY IN A KENTUCKY TOWN.

Louisville, Ky., July 18.—Jack Moore, who was shot Friday in a street fight at Mount Vernon, died yesterday morning and his brother Tom cannot live another day. The particulars of the terrible affair are about as follows: Judge G. W. McClure, Lee Carter, Jack and Tom Moore had a dispute about the recent Ku-Klux trouble of the county, and a fight ensued. McClure grappled with Jack Moore and was fired upon by Tom Moore. Carter then opened on Tom Moore, and they emptied their revolvers at each other. Jack Moore and McClure were separated. The Moore boys then armed themselves with guns, and were walking down the street when they met Carter. Jack fired at Carter but missed, and Carter shot him down with a load of buckshot. Tom shot, also missed, and he in turn fell by his brother, pierced with six balls. McClure was shot twice but not dangerously. He gave himself up. Carter escaped uninjured and has fled. McClure is ex-sheriff and was Judge of the county court. The Moore boys are sons of a Methodist minister. Carter is a lawyer. There is much excitement over the affair and friends of both sides are flocking into Mount Vernon, though no further trouble is expected.

Gov. Curtin has associated himself with Col. Frank A. Burr, the well-known journalist, in the preparation of a book that will give the Governor's experiences during the war. Success to it.

St. Louis, July 14.—Hugh M. Brooks, alias W. H. Lennox Maxwell, convicted of murdering Charles Arthur Preller, was sentenced this morning to be hanged August 27, 1886.

Maxwell was brought into court by order of Judge Von Wagoner by two deputies. He appeared less hopeful and indifferent than he did during the trial and before his counsel's motion for a re-hearing of his case was denied. He has also grown paler and wears a careworn air. He has not entirely lost hope, he says, for he has two chances of escape—by appealing to the State Supreme Court and the United States Supreme Court. This hope stood him in good stead to-day, and when the sentence was pronounced the expression of his face changed not at all. A motion for an appeal to the Supreme Court will be filed in a few days.

Newspaper men are in glee over the new postal law put in force by the post-office department. It makes the taking of a newspaper, and refusing to pay for the same, theft, and any person guilty of such action is liable to crimminal proceedings, the same as if he had stolen goods to the amount of the subscription. Hereafter, it will not be considered a shrewd scheme to take the REPORTER from the postoffice for a year and then refuse to pay for it.

GLASS BALL SHOOTING.

The following score at glass ball shooting was made by C. K. Sober, of Lewisburg, at Shamokin, July 5:

	Broke.	Missed.
Single balls from right shoulder	19	1
do left do	16	1
Single balls shooting with one arm	4	0
Same conditions and springing his own trap	4	1
Double balls from right s. oulder	8	0
Same left shoulder	4	0
Same conditions and springing his own trap	3	1
Gun lying on box when balls were sprung—single	4	0
Same conditions, double	6	0
Picking up gun from ground after balls were sprung, single	2	0
Same conditions, double	2	0
Single balls, standing back to trap springing trap himself	4	1
Tossing up gun and turning once around, single balls	3	0
Same conditions, double balls	3	1
Back to trap, gun between his legs when trap was sprung	5	0
Taking gun from shoulder after balls were sprung, single balls	3	0
Same conditions, double	4	0
Gun upside down over head, single	4	0
Same conditions, double	6	0
Gun barrels through cigar box, right shoulder, single balls	4	0
Same conditions, left shoulder sing. balls	4	0
Same cond'n, left shoulder double balls	9	1
Tossing up gun, turning once around gun barrels through cigar box	3	0
Gun thrown 6 ft. to him and caught after balls were sprung	4	0
Single balls, gun barrels tied with two handkerchiefs	4	0
Single balls, gun upside down over head, and barrels through cigar box	4	0
Double balls, same conditions	8	0
Double balls from two traps 23 yards apart, he standing on a line in centre of traps, breaking one ball from left shoulder and the other from right shoulder	9	1
Double balls, as above, gun barrels thro' cigar box	8	0
	161	8

H. H. SMITH, Scorer (late of Milton.)

SIXTEEN PERSONS KILLED.

St. Petersburg, July 15.—While an iron dealer of this city was unloading a wagon filled with old artillery material which he had purchased at Government auction to-day, a nine-inch shell exploded, killing sixteen persons and wounding many others. Four of those killed were children.

A CIRCUS IN A WRECK.

Forepaugh Loses Twenty seven Horses in a Railroad Accident.

Augusta, Me. July 16.—At 3.20 a. m. today Forepaugh's stock and wagon train, bound from Augusta to Waterville, met with a serious accident near Hall's Woods by the breaking of an axle on the forward truck of a car. Four cars left the track and were piled up and badly wrecked. They were filled with heavy team and band horses, twenty in a car. The shock threw the animals down and crushed them among the debris. Seven were piled up in one end of the car and instantly killed. The struggles of those alive were fearful to witness. Twenty-seven are dead, a number of them having been so badly injured as to necessitate killing. One buckskin stallion was valued at a $1000. Eight buckskin band horses are dead.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

—At Indianapolis, on the 5th, Edward L. Palmer, a young man, was fatally injured by falling from a freight train in a fit. Frederick Kelch drove into the river to wash his wagon and was swept away by the current and drowned. J. D. Connor stepping out of the way of a moving train, was killed by a train going in the opposite direction, on the next track.

—A special to a Cincinnati paper says that at New Holland, Ohio, on the 6th, Mrs. Arnold was celebrating the 109th anniversary of her birth. It adds that she has two sisters living, one aged 106, the other 112.

—In Frederick, Maryland, on the 5th, Dr. Joseph A. Webb, a dentist of Baltimore, shot and wounded H. R. Besant in the arm. As the ball could not be extracted on the 6th, blood poisoning was feared. It is said that Besant, who is respectably connected, betrayed a young lady, the cousin of Webb, and that she is now in an insane asylum in consequence.

—A telegram from Atlanta says the result of the election in Georgia on the 6th insures the nomination of General Gordon for Governor. The Democratic Convention will meet in Atlanta on the 28th instant.

—Excessive heat and drought have been complained of throughout the Northwest and Northeast for several days past. In Dakota a temperature of 100 degrees in the shade was reached at various points on the 5th and at Pierre "a violent hot wind blew down several houses and drove the people to the cellars to avoid suffocation." At Des Moines, on the 6th the thermometer in the Signal Station registered 104 degrees. Similar complaints come from New Hampshire, where the streams in some places are drying up. At Hanover the temperature has ranged from 90 to 96 in the shade.

—A freight train on the New York City and Northern Railroad was thrown from the track near Amawak Station on the 6th, by a horse, and the engineer was killed.

—A blast was fired on the 6th on the new Pottsville and Mahanoy Railroad at a deep cut at Coal and Nicholas streets, in Pottsville, with serious results. The Black Diamond Hotel and a saloon opposite wore riddled by flying stones, and Joseph Miller, of Cressona, who was standing at the bar of the hotel, had his thigh broken. Several others were less seriously injured. Moses Levi, aged 25 years, and Michael Collins, aged 23, were drowned by the capsizing of a boat on the lake in Douglas Park, Chicago, on the 5th. While four boys were playing on a lumber in Shenandoa, Penna., on the 5th, the lumber pile fell, injuring one of them. John W. Kreiger, so badly that he died in a few hours. Two others were dangerously injured.

—The steamer Oconto, of the Ogdensburg, Toronto and Cleveland Line, was sunk by striking a shoal in the St. Lawrence river, near Clayton, on the 7th. She is a new boat of 500 tons burthen, and it was her first trip through the lakes. She had a cargo of silks, cottons, boots and shoes, valued at $500,000, and, as she is partially submerged, the loss is estimated at $150,000.

—During a display of fireworks at Peabody, Massachusetts, on the 5th, an old awning on which fifteen or twenty persons had gathered gave way and threw them upon the crowd below. Twenty men, women and children were injured fifteen severely. Some of them it is feared, will not recover. In Baltimore, on the 5th, a young man named Rotkback, shot himself through the brain while examining a pistol, and died instantly. A colored girl was also dangerously shot in the head.

—The *Rural New Yorker* publishes its annual crop summary from more than 4000 reports from all parts of the United States. It concludes that the winter wheat crop is on the whole good, the probable yield being 295 million bushels, against 212 millions in 1885, with a slight increase in acreage. Spring wheat has been considerably injured by drought and blight; the yield will probably be 140 million bushels, against 145 millions last year. The total wheat crop will probably be 435,000,000 bushels, against 357,000,000 bushels last year. In oats there has been a slight increase in acreage. The crop has been considerably injured by drought and insect pests, and will probably yield 600,000,000 bushels, against 620,000,000 bushels in 1885. Of rye and barley there will be excellent crops, on a slightly increased area. There is a good stand of corn, and the outlook is excellent for a fine crop. Of early potatoes the crop will be heavy, and late potatoes are promising, especially in the West.

—There was a terrible storm at Apalachicola, Florida on the 30th which destroyed $40,000 worth of property. Six persons were drowned in the bay.

—E. J. Betzler, a merchant of Carrollton, Missouri, was accidently shot dead by his brother, E. A. Betzler, in a target practicing game on the 5th. Walter Sise, 4 years of age, died on the 7th in Brooklyn from the effects of drinking carbolic acid, which he got hold of in a bottle on the 5th. Mrs. Oberly, wife of a farmer of Norfolk county, Virginia, on the 5th attempted to kindle a fire with kerosene, when the oil can exploded, and the burning fluid was scattered over herself and two children, and instantly the clothing of all three were in a blaze. The mother and one child died on the 5th; the other child, while horribly burned, may live. In Shirley township, Huntingdon county, Penna., on the 5th, a seven-year-old son of Adam Baird started a fire in a barn while playing with matches. The barn and dwelling were destroyed and the boy was burnt to death in the barn.

—The dry goods store of W. C. Trechtling & Co., in Hamilton, Ohio, was burned on the 5th. Loss $30,000. There is an insurance of $17,000 on the stock. The whole hamlet of Romeo, Wisconsin, was burned on the 7th, including the saw mill, planing mill, 5,000,000 feet of lumber, store, boarding house and dwelling of William Van Hooser. Loss, $150,000; insurance, $50,000. The woods around are on fire.

—John Werner, aged about 50 years, shot and killed his 14-year-old son and then committed suicide in an apartment house on West Fourth street, New York, on the 7th. Poverty is supposed to have caused the tragedy. A young man, named Robinson, was shot dead by a policeman named Hester in Holden, Missouri, on the 5th. Robinson had been arrested for a petty misdemeanor and tried to escape, when the policeman shot him through the heart. In Glendale, near Cincinnati, on the 7th, Jacob Alexander was assailed by two men. He managed to throw them off and fire upon them just as one was aiming at him. One of them fell and the other fled. Alexander gave himself up. It was found that he had killed two men and served terms in the workhouse and penitentiary.

—The latest particulars of the fire at Romeo, Wisconsin, show that 12 dwellings, two warehouses, a saw mill, a planing mill, 8,000,000 feet of lumber and 5,000,000 shingles were burned. The losses aggregate $130,000, and the insurance about $50,000. Sixty men are thrown out of work and 27 families left destitute. A fire at Muncie, Indiana, on the 7th, destroyed Thompson's livery stable, the National House and nearly a block of other buildings. Loss, $40,000. Several persons were prostrated by the heat and are in a critical condition. A large ice house of the Knickerbocker Ice Company, with two engines and nearly 100,000 feet of lumber, four miles below Albany, were destroyed by fire on the 7th. The loss is estimated at $100,000. The business portion of Deming, New Mexico, was destroyed by fire on the 5th. The loss is about $35,000. Deming has a population of 2000. The Crolithion Manufacturing Company's celluloid works in Newburyport, Massachusetts, were burned on the 8th. Loss, $30,000; insurance, $8000. The factory had been closed for several months, but was to resume in a few weeks. A fire at Helena, Montana, on the 7th destroyed the Montana Lumber Company's planing mill and the sampling works and assay office of the Silver Mines. Loss $30,000; insurance, $15,000. The Canadian Pacific Railway's coal shed, at Toronto Junction, and 15 cars were burned on the 8th. Loss $20,000; insured. The woods along the line of the Wisconsin Central Railroad for miles are on fire, and many of the settlers are threatened with ruin. Gurnsey's restaurant and outbuildings at Whitman, Massachusetts, were burned on the 8th. Loss, $26,500; insurance, $20,500.

—Seven salmon fishermen were drowned in a gale off the entrance of the Columbia river, Oregon, on the 5th. John Kelly, driver, and Robert Limberg, pipeman of a chemical engine, in Chicago, were dangerously, if not fatally, injured on the 7th. In running to a fire the engine fell down an embankment. The men were caught under the machine, and the chemical fluid in the tank was scattered all over them. Besides being burned by the liquid, each had a number of bones broken, and Kelly's skull was fractured. Mrs. Sarah O'Rourke, a widow, her six children and four friends, were taken violently ill, with symptoms of poisoning, after eating breakfast, in Providence, Rhode Island, on the 8th. It is believed there was arsenic in the milk.

—Henry Young, aged 34 years, shot and killed Mary Discher, aged 18, in New Richland, Minnesota, on the 7th, because she refused to marry him. He then committed suicide. Three brothers, Lewis V., Elmer and James Smith, were killed in Clay county, Texas, on the 7th, by fence builders, with whom they quarrelled, alleging that the fence was being put up on their property.

—The wife of Asa Turpen, a farmer, of Gibson county, Indiana, on the 8th, killed her infant and her seven-year-old daughter, and then committed suicide. Before doing the deed she sent away two children of her husband by a former wife.

—A violent storm of wind and hail, with thunder and lightning passed over Scranton Penna., on the 7th. Several houses were unroofed.

—A telegram from Pittsburg says the use of natural gas in the manufactories of that city has done away with the consumption of 189,850 bushels of coal a day. "In 250 working days, which is considered a year by manufacturers, the whole amount of coal displaced would run up to 47,450,000 bushels. Calculating 100 bushels to be an average day's output for a coal minor, it would take 1600 coal miners to dig this coal, but altogether the use of natural gas has thrown about 5000 men out of work in this region. It required the use of 633 railroad cars to transport the coal. Each of these, 30 feet in length, would make a string more than three miles long."

—Six boilers at No. 3 colliery of the Delaware and Hudson Coal Company, at Plymouth, Penna., exploded on the 8th. The boiler house was blown to atoms and many buildings in the neighborhood were damaged. Edward Scott, the fireman, was fatally scalded, and Michael Gilligan, the engineer, was seriously injured.

—Typhoid fever is raging in the village of Waterford, Racine county, Wisconsin. Fifty persons are sick of the disease and four have died.

THE disadvantages of riding in a horse car that is unheated is thus set forth. It is needless to add that at the present time Chicago is greatly exercised for the cheerless condition of the surface cars:

"I think a man who will smoke in a car with ladies is no gentleman," said one lady to another in a Madison street car, yesterday.

The man across the aisle paid no attention to the cutting remark, but sent whiff on whiff in direction of the ladies.

"Gracious!" remarked the other lady, coughing distressingly, "it is dreadful to breathe the nasty stuff into our lungs this way."

"Conductor!" called the first lady, "will you make that beast over there stop smoking?"

"Bless ye, ma'am, he ain't smoking. That's 'is breath ye see."

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 2d the Legislative Appropriation bill was passed. The River and Harbor bill was considered. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 3d, the Naval Appropriation bill was reported, with amendments. The River and Harber bill was considered, and an amendment was adopted appropriating one million dollars for improving New York harbor so as to secure a thirty-foot channel at the Sandy Hook entrance of the harbor, upon such plan as the Secretary of War may approve. Several other amendments were adopted, when the Senate went into executive session, and when the door were reopened adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 6th a bill was reported to regulate the pay of army and navy officers who refuse or neglect to provide for their families. Mr. Ingalls, at the request of the Social Purity Alliance, of the District of Columbia, introduced three bills "for the protection of women and children in the District of Columbia." The consideration of the River and Harbor bill was resumed. Pending action on an amendment appropriating $150,000 for the purchase of the Sturgeon Bay and Lake Michigan Ship Canal and Harbor of Refuge, the Senate went into secret session and afterwards adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 7th, Mr. Plumb presented a petition from John A. Kirkpatrick, a pension bill in whose favor had been vetoed. The petition, which refers disrespectfully to the President, was read in full. It asks the Senate to do the petioner "a small act of justice and pass the bill over the veto." The River and Harbor bill was resumed, the pending question being the amendment appropriating $150,000 for the purchase of Sturgeon Bay and Lake Michigan Ship Canal and harbor of refuge. Mr. Spooner offered an amendment as a substitute appropriating $150,000 for the purpose of making free of toll the commerce through the canal. The substitute was agreed to—36 to 16. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 8th, business on the calendar not objected to was disposed of. The Woman Suffrage resolution was objected to by Mr. Platt. The Senate went into secret session. When the doors were reopened the death of Representative Cole, of Maryland, was announced and the Senate, as a mark of respect, adjourned.

HOUSE

In the House on the 1st, a message was received from the Senate announcing that that body had passed, over the President's veto, the bill to quiet the title of the settlers on the Des Moines river lands. Mr. Oates, of Alabama, moved to refer the bill and message to the Judiciary Committee. Lost—yeas 103, nays 149—and the Speaker announced that the question recurred on the passage of the bill notwithstanding the objections of the President. The bill failed to pass for want of the required constitutional two thirds in the affirmative, the yeas being 161, the nays 91. Adjourned.

In the House on the 2d, a conference committee was appointed on the bill to repeal the Pre-emption and Timber Culture acts. Reports were submitted on two of the President's vetoes of pension bills. They were ordered to be printed and lie over. The General Deficiency bill was considered in Committee of the Whole, and 43 of the 119 pages of the bill were disposed of. An evening session was held for the consideration of pensin bills, but owing, to a deadlock, nothing was done. Adjourned.

In the House, on the 3d, a message was received from the President vetoing another private pension bill. Mr. O'Neill, of Pennsylvania, presented a petition signed by 1000 Knights of Labor of the Second Congressional District of Pennsylvania, urging the passage of bills now pending before Congress calculated to protect the interests of labor. The consideration of the General Deficiency bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole. After completing 68 of the 119 pages of the bill, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 7th, the Speaker presented the 21 veto messages sent by the President on the 5th. Several of the messages, after debate, were referred, when further proceedings were blocked by the Republicans abstaining from voting, and thus leaving the House without a quorum. "Filibustering" was continued until 5 o'clock, when the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 6th, petitions were presented by Messrs. Harmer and O'Neill, of Penna., from Knights of Labor in their respective districts, asking legislation for the labor interests. Mr. Taulbee, of Kentucky, called up the report of the Committee on Invalid Pensions upon the veto message of the President on the bill granting a pension to Carter W. Tiller. After some debate the matter was postponed—yeas, 117; nays, 113. The General Deficiency bill was finished in Committee of the Whole and reported to the House. Pending action the House adjourned.

In the House on the 8th, the death of W. R. Cole, Representative from the Third Maryland District, was announced. After the action customary in such cases the House, in respect to the memory of Mr. Cole, adjourned.

MRS. DOBBS—"No indeed, the new craze for lamps has not affected me, and it won't either. I would not have a lamp in the parlor for the world."

Mrs. Hobbs—"How can you talk so? The lamps they make now are perfect works of art and everybody buys them."

"I know it; but I can't see what advantage they are."

"If you had a grown-up daughter, as I have, you would see the advantage quick enough."

"Dear me! What difference would that make?"

"You know a kerosene lamp can't be turned down real low without smoking."

"Yes."

"Well, when I smell smoke I know it's time to saunter into the parlor."

Dove Song.

White dove! that sittest lightly
On yonder blooming spray;
My step shall not affright thee,
Nor thought of mine betray.

My heart, which erst was troubled
Lest danger might appear,
Beats calmly now, unruffled,
The home-flight is so near.

Hast thou the gift of healing
Within thy flutt'ring breast?
My soul, to thee appealing,
Begs peace of mind—and rest.

Fly, fly unto that maiden,
As sweet and fair as thou!
Tell her my heart, care laden,
Forgets no sacred vow;

That, in some far-off dreaming,
Our fates may be unite,
When true love, yet earth's seeming
May wake in pure delight.

LEOLINE

"Oh, mother, I wish we were rich! I think it is a shame that we are obliged to live in this litle hut, while my haughty cousin lives in a mansion and wears the diamonds that should have been mine."

"My dear, how can you call this pretty cottage a hut, and how can you complain when we are doing so well? Let May wear her diamonds, and please, dear, for my sake, if for nothing else, do try to be contented."

Florence Arleigh made no reply, but pressed a kiss on her mother's forehead and left the room.

As the door closed, Mrs. Arleigh leaned back in her chair and watched the last rays of the setting sun, while her thoughts flew far away to the home of her childhood. Her cheek was fanned by the soft South wind and no sound disturbed her musings of bygone days. She gazed into the blue sky, where the clouds floated and floated away in the distance, but she saw not the clouds, for her mind pictured the old home, where her infant footsteps had been guided by the tender hand of a mother. Then she saw herself, a happy maiden, in the shady, old forest, twining a wreath of flowers and crowning herself Queen of the May. She smiled as she thought how surprised she had been to learn that an artist had been sketching her while she addressed the trees as her subjects. How her young heart had leaped with delight as she saw the admiration expressed in the eyes of the stranger. Then she thought how she had been wooed and won by the artist and how he had taken her to the residence of his father. Then tear after tear fell from her eyes as she thought how she and her husband had been turned away from the home of her father-in-law, and how her husband's proud sister had said: "When I marry, I shall not disgrace my family by marrying the child of a poor farmer." Oh! the days that followed, the happy days, in which she tried to make their cottage a pleasant home for Leon, who worked early and late to paint the pictures which brought just enough money to support them. Bitterly she wept as she thought of the brilliant June day when death entered her home and her brave, handsome Leon was laid in the little parlor and her two children walked on tip-toe saying, over and over, "Papa is dead, and mamma is sick." Her reverie was interrupted by sounds of mirth, which came from the chamber of the little cottage which Mr. Arleigh had been pleased to will to his son's widow.

Upstairs is a cozy room in which Florence and Leoline Arleigh do the copying by which they earn their bread. They have been copying, but are not doing so now, for Leoline is laughing heartily while Florence stands before the mirror saying, in tragic tones, "How have the mighty fallen! An Arleigh must earn her bread by the sweat of her brow. Where is the poet who will immortalize the fair face reflected in your mirror? Where are the brave men who will gaze with admiration upon these golden tresses, these azure eyes? Where are they? Alas! they are here, but they are not the ones in whose pockets the gold dollars jingle merrily, for the men whose money would make them acceptable in my sight pass my 'beauty unadorned' and bow at the shrine of my cousin."

Leoline leaned back in her chair and laughed until the tears started from her eyes. "Oh, Florence," she said, "are you crazy or are you rehearsing for private theatricals?"

"Neither, but, seriously Leo, I was not intended for this kind of existence. I was not born to spend my life daubing my fingers with ink. I was born to walk like this through rooms which art has done its most to beautify," and Florence raised herself to her full height and walk majestically across the room.

"Well, said Leoline, "if you have finished, we will continue our work."

"Oh, dear! Work! work! Nothing but work! I think our grandfather was too mean for anything or he not would have given all his property to Aunt Emma and left us without a cent."

"Florence," said Leoline gravely, "our grandfather is dead and whatever his faults may have been, we are not to judge him. He gave us this pretty cottage and we are doing nicely."

"There, you little saint; I take it all back. Let us have peace," said Florence, kissing Leoline and hurrying to a small table on which were scattered pens, ink, papers.,

Not long after this, Florence and Leoline had been out for a walk and were returning home when they were met by one of Mrs. Leslie's servants. r-

"Oh, Miss Leoline," said the servant, "your cousin, Miss May, is very sick, and Mrs. Leslie sent me to inquire if you would assist in nursing her."

Leoline thought a moment and then said. "Tell Mrs. Leslie I will go if mother is willing."

"Oh!" exclaimed Florence, "you are a little idiot to think of going, and I hope mother will not permit you to go. The disease may be contagious, and you will come home sick and we'll have no end of trouble. Yes, and who is to do all the copying while you gone? Let Aunt Emma hire some one. I am sure she has enough money."

"You need not copy any more than usual. You know I have a little money which I saved for a rainy day, and we will manage some way. So don't look so cross, for I feel it my duty to go."

"Duty! Fiddlesticks! Aunt Emma did not think of duty when poor father died."

By this time they had reached home and Florence rushed in exclaiming, "Mother, May Leslie is sick and Aunt Emma wishes Leo. to help take care of her, and Leo. says she is going and I know she'll catch the small-pox or something dreadful." and Florence sat down out of breath, while Leoline knelt by her mother's chair and said, "May is very ill. May I go?"

Mrs. Arleigh kissed the little upturned face and, for a moment, she thought how cruelly she had been treated by this sister-in-law, who now asked that Leoline, sweet Leoline, whom everyone loved, should nurse the descendant of the Leslies. "She shall not go;" but soon her better nature conquered and she said quickly. "You may go, darling, and may God bless you."

In the days that followed, May Leslie received the best of care and the doctor's directions were carefully followed by Leoline who, hour after hour, sat by the side of the sufferer and never complained of weariness.

At last the crisis was passed and May was quiet and rational and she no longer raved as she had done when the fever was as its heiget. She was surprised to learn that Leoline was the one whose hand had cooled her fevered brow, and whose soft voice had lulled her to rest, and she begged her to stay awhile.

One day Leoline and May were sitting in the latter's beautiful sitting-room, May lying on a couch, reading aloud an interesting story in a late magazine. Suddenly there was a rap at the door, followed by the entrance of Dr. Deane, who said, cheerily, "Well, how is our patient to-day?"

While he talked to May, Leoline walked out quietly and, going to her room, threw herself upon her bed and wept bitterly. Anyone seeing her would be surprised, for quiet Leoline seldom shed tears. If it were Florence, one would not think it strange, for Florence often became so angry that the big tears coursed down her cheeks, but, a moment after, she would break out in a peal of laughter at something which excited the risibility in her nature. Florence was all clouds and sunshine and as changeful as the wind, but when Leoline wept it was not from anger, it was because something serious disturbed the serenity of her soul. The cause of her present grief was this: unasked, she had given her heart to the handsome young doctor, whose skill had saved the life of her cousin.

"Ah," she mused, "what chance have I to win him? I, who have neither beauty nor fortune, can inspire no love in his breast; and even if I were as beautiful as Helen, of Troy, and possessed all the virtues of Penelope, I could not hope to win him, for I am certain that he loves my fair cousin. She, I know, returns his love, for when he calls, her black eyes sparkle with pleasure, and yesterday she told me that her heart had passed from her keeping and that she hoped to become the bride of one who is all that is good and true. I must carefully conceal my love for him, for mother and Florence must not know that I have lost my heart while under the roof of the Leslies. Gentle mother would be more sad than ever, and impulsive Florence would say she knew something would happen to me, and she would hate cousin May, who is the innocent cause of my sorrow."

The next day Leoline determined to go home, and in spite of May's entreaties, declared she must go that evening; for, said she, "You will soon be well, and mother and Florence need me."

"Well," said Mrs. Leslie, "if you must go, I suppose we cannot keep you; but here is a small sum as a return for your kindness in coming to help us;" and she passed a check to Leoline, who laid it on a table, saying she could not accept money as payment for her services. Mrs. Leslie liked Leoline, and she said, mentally, "I will give her a handsome present."

That evening Leoline returned home, and, as she left her aunt's house, she noticed how beautiful May looked in her white cashmere wrapper, and she murmured, "No wonder Dr. Deane loves her."

When she reached home her mother was out; but she was warmly greeted by Florence, who waized around in great glee. After awhile she seated herself by the side of Leoline, exclaiming, "Oh, Leo., I'm the happiest girl alive! Rich Mr. Way has returned from Europe, and he says he fell in love with me last year, and he has proposed, and I'm going to marry him, and I'll buy you and mother a lot of nice things, and, oh, I'm too happy to live!" When Florence was excited she paid no attention to the repetition of conjunctions.

Leoline replied: "I am very glad to hear of your good luck; but are you sure that you love him?"

"Love him! Of course I love him. Wouldn't I love anyone who asked me to share a fortune of a million dollars? Mother is coming!" and she ran down the path that led to the street and met her mother ere she entered the yard.

"When Leoline retired to her room, she gazed in her mirror, but could see no beauty in the small, pale face, large, earnest gray eyes and brown hair brushed plainly back from her forehead. "Beautiful May," she said; "Heaven help me that I may not envy her happiness."

For two days Leoline was busy and did not go out at all, but on the third, which was her birthday, she and Florence went for a stroll. Florence was in the best of humor and talked incessantly of her approaching marriage, telling about the dresses she would have, the diamonds she would wear, etc. At first Leoline listened and tried to be interested, but, try as she would, she could not forget Dr. Deane. His face seemed ever before her and the more she tried to crush her love, the stronger that love became and wider grew the gulf between them. Florence chattered on, wholly unconscious that her sister was not listening. "It is a mystery to me how Mr. Way fell in love with me. I always knew that I was not born to work, but I did not expect to get out of it so soon. How the girls will envy me when I become Mrs. Theodore Way, and how May Leslie will stare. Say, Sis, you are twenty years old to-day, and I must look after you or you will be an old maid. Wait till I'm married and see if I don't find a rich husband for you."

The two girls were returning home when Florence thought of a letter she had forgotten to mail, and Leoline not wishing to return to Main street, walked slowly on, while Florence returned to the postoffie. Leoline had not gone far when she heard some one say, "Good evening, Miss Arleigh," and looking up, her eyes rested upon the handsome face of Dr. Deane. They walked on until they reached an arbor which was provided with rustic chairs. Dr. Deane suggested that they enter, but no sooner were they seated than Leoline's hands were clasped and she heard the Doctor saying "Oh, Leoline, can you not see how dear you are to me? Sweet Leoline, raise those beautiful gray eyes and tell me you will love me just a little. Tell me, Leo, is there no hope for me?" Leoline did not reply, but she offered no resistance when he took her slight form in his arms and showered passionate kisses upon her face, which had lost its wonted paleness and assumed the hue of the bright red rose. At first she was too much confused to speak, but at last she looked into the deep blue eyes so close to her own and said, "I thought you loved cousin May."

"Thought I loved cousin May! Why, how could I be charmed by May's black eyes when I was in love with her little nurse?" Here Leoline receives so many kisses that she begs for mercy and declares she will be smothered.

One day Mrs. Arleigh was greatly surprised to see, in the village paper, a notice to the effect that, through a dishonest agent, Mrs. Leslie had lost the greater part of her fortune. A few weeks later the same paper announced the marriage of Miss May Leslie and Mr. Richard Lee, the coal merchant, and stated that the happy couple had gone to Chicago, where they would reside. Leoline burst into tears when she heard of her cousin's marriage, for she still thought that May loved Dr. Deane. Florence remarked, "Serves her right. She liked you, but she always hated me, and now she has lost her fortune and has had to marry a baldheaded, cross-eyed, ill-natured old codger, whom she must already hate."

The days passed swiftly away. The paths were strewn with the leaves of Autumn, and the cold blasts of Winter were followed by the soft breath of Spring.

It is a bright June day. The interior of Mrs. Arleigh's cottage is picturesque in the extreme. Each room seems a bower, for beautiful June roses are here, there and everywhere. The inmates of the cottage are hastening to and fro as if preparing for some special event; but upon the faces of all, there is a look of happiness, for there is to be a double wedding, and the brides will be Florence and Leoline.

There is a ring at the door, and a small package is handed to Leoline. She sees that it is addressed in her cousin's own hand writing, and she hastily tears off the wrapper. All day she has been thinking of May and wondering if she has forgiven her for winning the heart of Dr. Deane. When she has torn the wrapper from the package, she finds a little box, and, upon opening it, she feels a thrill of delight, for she sees a beautiful diamond ring, on which is inscribed the word, "Leoline."

—Velvet flowers of the most gorgeous sorts appear on straw bonnets.

When Summer Comes.

When summer comes,
A h, so we longing sigh,
When summer winds are nigh,
When winter comes;
Our pulses, like the rill
That now lies cold and still
Beneath the snow,
Will joyous flow
When summer comes.

When summer comes
A messenger will bring
New life to everything,
When summer comes;
And unto you and me,
Now parted, there may be
A moment sweet,
What time we meet,
When summer comes.

When summer comes,
Ah, the sweet, longed-for day
May be, yet pass away,
When summer comes;
And our sad feet have missed
The long expected tryst;
What shall we know
Of joy or woe
When summer comes?

When summer comes,
Alas, our hearts may yearn
For winter to return,
When summer comes;
The future we forcast,
We dream its joy shall last—
To-day is fraught
With but one thought,
"When summer comes."

JACOB AND POLLY.

Jacob Cattley was a messenger to Messrs. Perkinson, Goldchest & Co., the rich bankers in Lombard street. At least he always considered himself attached to the establishment as a messenger, though he had neither "signed articles" with the principals, and was just barely tolerated outside on the pavement, at an acute angle of the building and three feet from the street doors, where customers and clerks were not likely to tumble over him. He had been hanging outside this big bank for many years now, and it had become the custom of late days to send him on little errands which were not within the province of a regular clerks duty, and which the clerks' of Perkinson, Goldchest & Co., would have scorned to perform at any price whatever. If anybody required a cab, Jacob was sent for one; if a country gentleman with a big balance on the books wanted to be shown the way to the Bank of England, or Billingsgate, or the Tower, Jacob was told off as a guide; if something was wanted surreptiously by the clerks, in the shape of a newspaper or a ham sandwitch, Jacob was sent for it, and there had been times when it was even considered safe to trust him with a telegram.

Jacob received no salary, but was supported by voluntary contribution, like a hospital, and what those contributions amounted to in the year there had been much speculation concerning, at the bank, amongst the clerks. It was set down, by young and imiginative minds, as a "pretty penny, take it altogether!" But taking Jacob Cattley altogether, was, to the ordinary observer, to set him down as a poor, half-starved, ill-clad, miserable old man, struggling hard to live, and always on the brink of failing at it. A shabbier old gentleman was not to be found; but he was never in rags, and he always boasted a clean face under his rusty-brown top hat which he poised at the extreme back of his grey head. He did not appear to flourish on his contributions, but grew thinner and more pinched with every week of his outdoor service there.

Still he had what the clerks called his "tips;" and Mr. Goldchest, every Saturday morning, when he left the bank, and before he stepped into his carriage, the door of which Mr. Catteley always opened for him, gave him something, it was noticed, but whether a sovereign or a threepenny-piece was a matter of uncertainty, the claw-like hand of Jacob closing so quickly on the gift. The junior clerks thought it would be a "threepenny," Mr. Goldchest not being a liberal paymaster, in their humble opinion, forcibly expressed each quarter-day, but Jacob, probably of a reticent disposition, never let them know, and, at all events, he did not wax fat on his emoluments, and in the rainy and frosty seasons caught many a cold and cough, and wore, winter and summer, the same suit of gray threadbare clothes, to which, in very inclement weather, a red cotton neckerchief, relieved by white lozenges and tied in a strange knot was added, by way of protection, to a giraffe-like throat.

Jacob was considered a poor hanger-on; but Jacob had his hangers-on too, and people whom in his turn he took upon himself to patronize. There are always depths below depths in this eccentric world of ours, and always some poor brother and sister to whom a hand can be held out, or a little kindness rendered, and Jacob Cattley had his dependent in the background, and one who waited and watched for him as regularly after banking hours on Saturdays, as he waited and watched for Mr. Goldchest about noon; and this dependent on Mr. Cattley was a dark-eyed purveyor of penny "button-holes" and two-penny bouquets, a poor flower-girl who regarded Mr. Cattley as a regular customer on Saturdays, one who was always good for a penny, sometimes even twopence, when he had been extra fortunate in the city.

Jacob, it may be said, never purchased his flowers in Lombard street; no one in that busy center had seen Jacob Cattley spend a penny-piece upon anything, but once away from the city proper, and hurrying on towards Blackfriars bridge—on the Surrey side of which he lived and which he crossed regularly twice a day to and from "his place of business,"—any one who had taken the trouble to watch him—which no one ever had—would have seen Jacob somewhere in the neighborhood of Ludgate hill bargaining with Polly Baxter for a nosegay every Saturday afternoon.

Jacob Cattley would even condescend to patronize Polly Baxter, and to occasionally pass a remark upon the weather, or the extent of her stock in trade; but all this was done in an austere, standoffish way, which did not encourage conversation in return, and which was a washed-out copy of the great Goldchest manner, when the big banker skated across the pavement to his carriage. Polly Baxter did not know this, and thought it was very kind of the old gentleman in the queer-looking comforter to say a word or two to her now and then—words which, with all their coldness, had a little ring in them of interest or sympathy, or something not easy to comprehend, and which the flower-girl did not attempt in any way to account for.

Suddenly Jacob Cattley was missed from Lombard street, and from the neighborhood of Ludgate hill; and Polly Baxter's basket blushed with flowers in vain for him. Every day Polly Baxter had been accustomed to see him between 4 and 5 trotting homewards, with his sharp face set due south; every day he had said "Good-morning," in a grave, fatherly way, and with a solemn bend of his long neck; and on Saturdays, as we have intimated, he always stopped to bargain with her for her gayest pennyworth. And now Jacob was missing; and no one knew where Jacob lived, so that the mystery of his disappearance might have been solved by a friendly call.

"He's dead, for sixpence, poor old cove," said one of the junior clerks, a pert and slangy and over-dressed youth, whom Jacob had in his heart disliked, despite the offer of a penny now and then. "He's off, depend upon it. I'm sorry I was so deuced hard on him last week."

Polly Baxter wondered more about him than the rest of the community aware of his existence. She did not know why she should "bother about the old man," but she did. He was a something removed from her life, a regular customer gone, and that was to be regretted when regular customers were scarce. When she had bought her flowers at Covent Garden market in the early morning, and had taken them to her little attic where she made up her penny bunches for the day, she caught herself thinking of the "funny little bloke," and of his grave, old-fashioned ways. Polly Baxter earned her own living honestly, and made the best of her position by thrift and industry, coming very close to starvation once or twice in the hard times which will turn up to the hard-workers. Still she fought on, and had begun to teach herself to read and write of late days, and to find her way on Sundays to a little chapel down a back street, and listen with much surprise to what they told her there, and to wonder why it had been kept from her all these years, and why no one in the highways and byways of her life had said a word about it.

Possibly thinking of this had made her think of other folk as the light filtered a little through the darkness of Polly Baxter's life, but she did think a great deal of the poor old-fashioned little man who seemed to have vanished like a ghost, and it became a matter of speculation why he had ever bought flowers of her at all, being a man who probably had not much to spend on the minor luxuries of life. And so regular a customer, too, thought Polly, with a sigh again.

Suddenly the regular customer, however, turned up again one Saturday, six weeks or two months after everybody thought he was dead. It was like a ghost rising up in Lombard street, and even Mr. Goldchest, taken unawares by this re-appearance at his carriage-door, gasped out, "bless my soul!" and slipped one foot in the gutter in his first surprise. He was even a little curious for so great a man, and said:

"Have you been ill, Jacob?"

He did not know his other name. "Old Jacob" was Mr. Baxter's cognomen in Lombard street; "Cranky Jacob" sometimes.

"No, sir. I've had a loss, Mr. Goldchest."

"O, indeed."

Mr. Goldchest did not ask what or whom he had lost; he glanced at the big rusty hatband wrapped around the rusty hat of his humble dependent; there was a fugitive fear even that there might be something "catching" from Mr. Baxter's close proximity, and he stepped with alacrity into his carriage and drew up his window sharply. He did not reward Jacob on that occasion; he gave no thought to arrears which might have accumulated during Jacob's absence from his duties, and the old man walked home very thoughtfully, and with a downcast expression of countenance. On his way home he encountered Polly Baxter, who also was disposed to take him for a ghost, and nearly dropped her basket into the London mud at the first sight of him.

"Why, lor,' sir, who'd have thought of it?" she exclaimed.

"Thought of what?" he asked, a little curiously.

"Of your being alive and moving about like this again. I'm so glad. Where have you been sir? Laid up?"

This was Mr. Goldchest's inquiry also, but not conveyed with so much interest. And his answer was the same as before.

"I've had a loss."

"Not—not money?"

"I've lost my daughter; all I had in the world to me; all I cared for, child. Good day," he said, with an excitement for which Polly was wholly unprepared.

"Yes; but here, hold hard, old un," she cried, inelegantly; "ain't you agoing to have any flowers to—"

The "old un" hurried away from her, darted across the road under horses' heads and omnibus wheels, with almost the alacrity of youth. Reaching Gravel lane he was astonished and discomfited again to find Polly Baxter at his elbow, exceedingly red in the face, and short of breath.

"Well, you jest can stump out, guv'nor, and no flies," she said.

"What do you want with me?" he asked testily now; "what is it?"

"I only want to say I'm sorry like," she blurted forth. "I didn't think, all at once, about the flowers, and that you wanted them for her, of course, who's gone now, and who was fond of flowers. I twig, I see; you won't mind what I say—will you now?"

Jacob Cattley stared at her, but he croaked forth, "No."

"I'll never ax you again—I'll never look your way again; but take this, please, for this once, won't you?"

And Polly held out his usual-sized bunch of flowers, at which the old man shrunk as though it had been a pistol levelled at him.

"It isn't for the money," said Polly, excited now herself; "I don't want any money—ketch 'old, please do. Jest to make believe you're taking them to her the same as ever, sir."

The old man stretched out a trembling hand towards the flowers at this suggestion, and Polly thrust them into his grasp and fairly ran across the bridge again, leaving him looking after her open-mouthed, and with some salt tears brimming over his blinking eyelids and making their way down the deep furrows in his cheeks.

On Monday Jacob passed her as usual on his homeward route, and with his old patronizing bow, and with a steadier stare at her too, as if no longer afraid to face her. But Polly looked the other way and would not see him—fell into the habit of hiding from him even—and on the following Saturday would also have eluded him, had he not come up the reverse way of the street, and taken her unawares by a flank movement.

"Let me have a good bdnch to-day—a twopenny bunch," he said, in quite a business-like manner.

Polly Baxter was surprised, but she gave him the flowers he required, and he dropped the money into her basket.

"But you don't want 'em now—do you?" she murmured.

"Yes, of course I do. That was a good thought of yours, child, last week. And I took the flowers to her."

"Oh!" ejaculated Polly.

"And shall do so every week, making believe, as you say, that she's waiting for them. It's not a bad thought at all," he muttered; "she was so very fond of flowers."

"How old was your gal?" asked Polly.

"About your age, I should say."

"And ailing allers was she?"

"For the last three or four years, yes. Good day," and then Jacob hurried away, and this time she did not attempt to follow him.

It was from this time that Jacob contrived to be as regular a customer to Polly Baxter as he had ever been, and had any one had the curiosity to follow the movements of the old man, he or she would have seen him every Sunday in fair weather or foul, plodding on to Tooting cemetery to lay his little offering on the grave of the daughter who had always been fond of flowers. When the winter time came on, and flowers grew very scare and dear, and Polly was compelled to raise her prices, the old man looked very pale and pinched with cold, and did not move along with his customary alacrity—on the contrary, limped painfully at times with the rheumatism which had seized him.

One very cold Sunday she said to him, suddenly:

"You ain't well?"

"Well, not quite as well as I might be, perhaps," he answered cautiously.

"I don't mind you paying for these some other time, yod know," she added hurriedly, "if—"

"If what?" he asked, as she came to a full stop.

"If you're hard up. It won't make much difference to me, and she might miss 'em now."

"Thankee," he said gently, and he looked very hard at her from under his tangled, wiry eyebrows; "that's a kind thought child. What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say," she answered, surprised in her turn; "but it's Polly Baxter."

"Living where now!"

"St. James' row," she answered, "at the back there. But why?"

"Good day."

That was the last time Polly Baxter met Jacob Cattley in the London streets, for Jacob disappeared again, and Lombard street and the flower girl on Ludgate hill missed him altogether. "He must be dead this time, poor old cove!" thought Polly.

But Polly was again deceived. One morning a short, red-faced woman with a market basket on her arm, and a key in her hand, looked hard at her, and stopped.

"Is your name Polly Baxter?"

"Yes, that's it."

"You're wanted in George street, No. 29. My lodger, the old man who used to buy flowers of you, wants to see you precious bad."

"He ain't dead then," cried Polly; "well, I am glad."

"Don't see what you've got to be glad about," said the woman sharply; "but no, he ain't dead yet. He's looking it off though, sharp enuff."

Polly Baxter trudged away at once to George street, and to No. 29, where on the top floor, she found poor Jacob Cattley, very much down in the world, and with very little life in him. The rheumatics had got an iron grip of him at last, and fever had followed, and this was very nearly the last of him, as the red-faced woman had prophesied.

As Polly entered the room, he smiled at her, as at an old friend.

"Polly," he said, speaking with great difficulty, "I wish to put you in mind of an old offer to me."

"What's that sir?"

"I want you to open a credit account with me."

"And come and tell me regularly what they tell you there; will you, child? I should like to know."

"To be sure I will, sir."

"When you come back from her."

Then he gave his directions, which Polly Baxter carried out faithfully, until the end came, and Jacob Cattley was buried with his daughter.

After his death, Polly Baxter went regularly to the cemetery just the same, and laid her little bunch of flowers on the grave of him who had said kind words to her in life. That was the end of him, and of the story, she thought, until one day, a week or two afterwards, a prim little gentleman in black called upon her, and asked her many questions, and made perfectly sure that she was the genuine and only Polly Baxter, flower vender, before he surprised her with his news.

Jacob Cattley had been a bit of a miser, after all, and had scraped together, by his faithful and humble services in Lombard street, the sum of £150. He had died without a relation in the world to care for him, and he had left his money to "Polly Baxter, of 39, St. James' Row, City, E. C.," in remembrance of her kindness, and "in settlement of his credit account with her."

Polly Baxter is married now, and she and her husband have a flourishing little greengrocer's shop and are doing very well. There are fresh flowers on the old man's grave at Tooting, and one grateful heart keeps his memory green.

Great needs demand a great Saviour.

CANADIAN SALMON POACHERS.

Spearing the Fish by Torchlight---An Effective Charge of Shot.

"Well, what's up, now, Adam?"

Adam had suddenly ceased paddling forward and began to back water vigorously, at the same time keeping his eyes fixed on a white object floating in the water at the edge of the stream. Without answering the question he swung the canoe shoreward, and in a moment leaped out and held the white object up for inspection. It was a female salmon of about 10 pounds' weight, which from its appearauce could not have been dead more than a few hours. Some sharp object had gashed her right side from spine to belly, making a wound in which Adam thrust two of his thick fingers.

"What did it?"

"Poachers."

"When?"

"Last night. These infernal French-Canadian settlers will persist in burning the water during the spawning season, although they know that if caught they are likely to go to the penitentiary for it, and nothing but a dose of lead will stop them. Suppose we lay over to-night and fill their hides with bird-shot?"

"Burning the water?"

"Yes, that's what they call it. It is nothing but pulling over the spawning beds in a light canoe, with a pitch-pine torch in the bow, and spearing the fish as they lie quietly on the bottom. About every third throw wounds a fish instead of killing it, and the poor beast swims away to die, just as this one has done."

"Certainly; we shall put a stop to that kind of thing. Lets go into camp right here."

It was the afternoon of the 13th, (Sunday.) A party of three of us had leased the right to fish one of the little salmon rivers just south of the Saguenay, paying $250 for the privilege for the season, and myself and the Major were making a preliminary survey of the water, as it were, from source to mouth, in order to get some idea of the sport awaiting us when we came up to camp out in earnest in July. The three-mile limit imposed on United States coast fishermen by the Canadian Government made us particularly sore against the Canadian poachers, who were not only fishing a river paid for in good United States silver dollars, but who were doing so illegally and in an inhuman manner.

Adam knew what he was about and declared that the light charge of powder upon which he rammed home a handful of No. 8 shot was not too heavy, but just heavy enough to send the little pelletts through the thick hide of any poacher whom he might come across.

It was about 8 o'clock and dark as a black cat when we began moving up stream toward the gravelly beds whereon we had observed salmon earlier in the day. The ragged birches and pines which form the mass of the forests along Canadian streams have a mournful air even in daytime, but when indistinctly seen at night, and when nothing is heard but the lipping of the black water over the stones, they are funereal. Once Adam stopped slipping his paddle in and out of the water to point toward a couple of sparks on the left bank. They glistened for a moment and then went out.

"That was a deer," whispered Adam. "If the Frenchmen saw it they would try a shot at it, in season or not. Those fellows have no bowels at all, and cannot understand anything but a dose of birdshot. They know that means that their company is not wanted."

A large spark directly ahead of us soon resolved itself into a brightly burning fire, and, by keeping closely to the weed-fringed bank, we managed to steal up close enough not only to see that the fire was burning in the canoe of a "habitant," but to watch him at his unholy work. The circle of light in which he sat made the surrounding darkness impenetrable, and his absorption in the work at hand closed his ears.

The canoe was floating gently with the current, a touch of the paddle keeping its head right, and the Canuck was gazing with all his eyes into the water over the side. Suddenly he lifted himself to his feet, and like the lunge of a steel bow, his right arm shot out and sent a spear hissing into the river. When he drew the spear back by means of a cord fastened to the shaft we saw a beautiful fish writhing on the weapon. It was strung half way down the spear handle. The "sportsman's" aim had been true, and the fish was struck fairly in the back. An average female salmon will deposit 10,000 eggs in a single season. How many unborn fry of the noblest fish that swims had that single spear thrust destroyed?

I was asking myself that question when the report of Adam's shot gun rang out over the water. There was a howl from the fire canoe, and then the habitant sat down so suddenly that the frail shell turned under him, and Moses—his name, probably, was Baptiste—and the light went out simultaneously. We heard him splashing about and swearing in the darkness for the next five minutes.

"We may go now," remarked Adam. "He will understand what that was for quite as well as we do, and, more, he will tell his friends, who are as much in fear of birdshot as they are of bullets, and, you may rely upon it, there will be no more burning of this river this season."

The Fate of a Calla Lilly.

There was just a touch ot the pathetic as well as humorous side to a story told me recently by Col. J. H. Woodward, of San Francisco. It was an occurrence of his last trip from New York to the Pacific coast, in December, 1885. In the car were two ladies from Boston—"old maids" of the New England school—that is, charming, educated, and refined women. They were going out to the coast to teach school or get married, and it probably had not occurred to them which they would prefer. Among their baggage was a little pot with a cella lily in full bloom. The plant was not above eight or ten inches in height. They cared for the flower as tenderly as if it were a first-born baby. It was bitter cold in the east and there was snow on the ground. The calla made a bright spot in the car, and they were proud of it. The train sped along day after day, until one night when they retired they were told that the next morning would bring them into the beautiful San Joaquin valley. When morning broke the train seemed to have been transported into a new country. The air was warm and balmy. The face of nature was entirely changed. The bleakness of winter had given place to the warmth and bloom of spring. The Boston maidens were awake early. They did not tire of the scene, but they discovered something that called them together in hurried consultation. They observed every few miles great growths of tall white flowers. They were strangely like callas, only they were three and four feet tall and the flowers were simply enormous. They whispered more than once over this spectacle, and it was finally understood that they recognized the flowers as callas. Then they began to look furtively at their little plant in the pot. It was insignificant enough beside these queens of the western slopes. Suddenly one of the women raised the window, while the other with a quick movement seized the pot and quickly dropped it out of the window. It was all done in an instant, and no one but Col. Woodward saw it, and he had too much feeling for them to say anything about it.

How Parisian Toys are Made.

Any one who has ever walked through one of the great toy-importing houses in N. Y. at holiday time, and perhaps wondered at the taste and ingenuity displayed by the French workman in devising many of the most beautiful playthings would hardly imagine that waste and refuse materials, very odd ones too, sometimes are largely used in the Parisian toy industry. Elegantly dressed dolls, tricked out in all the refinements of the latest fashion, and which fetch incredible prices on this side of the Atlantic, are frequently costumed from the cast-off stage clothes of actresses in the theatres, purchased for a mere song, or from the useless garments remaining in theatrical wardrobes after a play has had a long run. The coverings of old purses and pocketbooks fished out of the gutters by sharp-eyed ragpickers, furnish the material for the doll bootmaker. Old sardine boxes yield their plate to the manufacture of barrels for toy guns. The little wooden or metal wheels which support moveable toys are made from the refuse of any industry in which articles having circular openings are made. French cruet stands usually of wood and having holes for bottles, provide thousands of such disks, removed in making the apertures. All the solder and pewter that can be extracted from old roofling and water spouts, or workshop scraps, is pressed into service for the manufacture of dolls' knives and forks, tea sets, &c., and even the ancient lead coffins dug out of the old cemeteries of Nuremberg, the French toy-maker utilizes in the manufacture of lead soldiers. No other nation equals the French in converting the ordinary refuse of the street and workshop into useful and ornamental products. It is this characteristic for saving which makes the French nation so prosperous.

Near Sightedness.

Near-sightedness is increasing in our country to an alarming extent. It was comparatively rare a century ago, but now it afflicts a large proportion of the children in our public schools. It is one of the evils created by civilization, and is almost unknown in savage life. An official inquiry in Germany indicates that this evil is more common there than in the United States, and that it is the direct result of bad habits of study.

The physicians who made the examination report to the government that in children of 5 years old the vision is generally perfect. During the school age the defect increases steadily; in the lower schools from 15 to 20 per cent. of the scholars are affected; in the higher schools the proportion reaches 40 to 50 per cent.

It is far worse in the professional schools, reaching fully 70 per cent. of theological students and over 90 per cent of medical students.

The physicians ascribe the trouble to the poor print of the text books, and to the general habit of holding books too near the eyes. It might be well to make a similar examination in our own country in order that public attention be aroused to provide, if possible, a cure for this growing evil. It is a grave misfortune if public education creates a near-sighted nation.

A Taxpayer.

"Please, sir," said a man at the station who said he was a farmer, but who looked more like a tramp; "please, mister, won't you lend me a dime? I live out in the country a piece, and will give it to you when I come in again. Ye see, I have come to town to pay my taxes, and I find myself just ten cents short. My brother owns a farm just at the edge of town, but I hain't got time to run over there 'fore my train goes. Give me a dime and I'll bring you in the biggest watermelon grown on my farm when they get ripe." The Station Agent listened to the old chap's request and finally passed over the dime. But he didn't seem satisfied. He kept watch of the farmer, who had started of briskly toward the Court House. The Station Agent watched him. He slipped into a saloon. The Agent quickly followed. The farmer was just wiping his mouth. "Here, you," cried the indignant Agent; "I thought you wanted that dime to pay your taxes?" "That's what I did," replied the tramp; "just paid the last instalment. Bin payin' all my taxes that way for good many years. I wonder what the country is coming to—it keeps me poor to pay my taxes. Will you——" But the Station Agent had gone.

"Whence comes the pure, untainted flower of love? From the germ of a pure, untainted nature only? or is the seed dropped from Heaven to bear flowers or thorns, as the soil and climate into which it shall fall shall determine?"

NICE, BUT NOT PROFITABLE.

The Patronage of Ladies in the Restaurant—A Case in Point.

The tinkle of glasses and the subdued clatter of dishes such as are heard in a well-conducted restaurant were keeping up a certain rhythmic movement in a fashionable lunching room of the shopping district, when a reporter stopped a moment at the desk.

"You seem to be doing a thriving business," he remarked, indicating as he spoke, the rows of occupied tables before him.

"H—m," replied the proprietor, letting his eye wonder judiciously in the same direction; "do you know young man that I shan't take in enough off that crowd to buy one of Macy's little peachblow jugs? This is the time o' day when the ladies, God bless 'em, come to lunch with me, and except the pleasure of their tiny faces and soft speeches, my reward must be treasured up in heaven, for certainly I don't get it here."

"Is this a straight tip?" queried the experienced reporter.

"I'm telling you sober truth," the restaurant man replied with much earnestness of manner. "Take that lady over there, for instance, pointing to one sitting about halfway down the room, "and she is only one of dozens like her every day. She came in here three-quarters of an hour ago by the clock, she and her little boy; she walked through until she found a table unoccupied and took possession. The table accommodates four, but Lord love you, it barely holds one like her, comfortably. She had the waiter bring a high chair for young chub, took off his hat and coat, used one big dinner napkin to pin around his neck and another to lay over his lap, filled the other two chairs with her bundles, cloak, etc., then picked up the menu card and began to study it.

"I could have told you what she would order at once, but it took her fully five minutes before she confided to the patient waiter her wants. He was back in less than three with her lunch(?)—a bowl of consomme for herself and a glass of milk for sonny.

"Bread of course, is served with the soup, and the two have made a slow and hearty lunch. She finished a few minutes ago, ordered a finger bowl, took one of the napkins, and dipping it in water, scrubbed the boy's face and hands, wiped them with the other napkin, and is now pulling and settling herself for departure. I can see from here that the tablecloth is plentifully sprinkled with milk and soup—she fed the boy some of that too—and must be taken off at once. She has used three large dinner napkins, has occupied two more places than she pays for, sat in the restaurant nearly an hour, and her check is—30 cents."

"Will she fee the waiters? That's too silly a question to answer. I'm not done with her yet," he added under his breath, as the lady approached laden with parcels and leading a 3 year-old boy by the hand.

"That's just the change. I believe," she remarked, dropping three 10-cent pieces on the marble before her, "and will you be good enough to check these parcels and this umbrella for me. I shan't be going up-town for a couple of hours yet," she added, explanatorily.

"Certainly, madam."

"Thank you very much. Oh, by the way, you may give me back that largest parcel. I want to send it by express. Yes, that one. Thank you. Do you think that sufficiently secure for an express parcel?"

"I think so; but I can tie it in another wrapper if you wish."

"It might be better; I shall be much obliged. Come, Dickie. Oh," returning, "I may send a messenger for the parcels, will there be any charge?"

"Certainly not, madam."

"Oh, thank you. Come, Dickie."

The proprietor and the reporter each drew a long breath and looked at one another.

Olive Trees in Flower.

The olive tree, when in flower, is an object of rare beauty, and we think that even as an ornamental tree the olive should be planted everywhere. Fresno, or indeed California, is exceedingly well adapted to olive culture, provided the right variety is placed in the right place. The olive trees in our immediate vicinity are now in full blossom and are setting fruit. In the olive orchard of the Fancher Creek Nursery some twenty varieties are grown, and of these ten or more are now blooming. Some varieties only two years old are literally covered with bloom, and the olives are setting freely. This speaks volumes for the success of olive culture, the profits of which are so large and so regular that in Europe a very few trees suffice for the sustainment of a family the whole year round. The olives now promising the most are the Nevadillo Blanco and the Manzanillo, both the best varieties of Spain, the former for oil and the latter for pickled fruit. The Mission does not produce a highly flavored oil, and is in this respect very inferior even to the Picholine, which, though small-fruited, produces a highly flavored and valuable oil.

An Objection to Electric Lights.

Electric head-lights for locomotives have been tried on some of the Russian railways and given up. The lamps were powerful throwing a beam of light a mile ahead of the train, and so far as the illumination of the railway track was concerned, the locomotive drivers admitted of their utility. The objection to them was, however, that the contrast between the lighted space and the darkness on either side was so sharp that it annoyed the eyesight, and in some cases after a time incapacitated the drivers altogether. A somewhat similar difficulty occurred when electric lights were first used in lighthouses on the English channel. The light was so powerful and affected the vision of pilots unused to it to such an extent that they found themselves unable to estimate the distance of their vessels from the beacon. The consequence was that ships frequently anchored far out in the channel and in the paths of passing vessels, so that collisions frequently occurred.

GLIMPSES OF CHICAGO.

NOTES BY A NEW YORKER AFTER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS THERE.

He Says the Streets Are the Shabbiest and Filthiest He Ever Saw, but Gives Much Praise to the Cable Cars, Parks, and Drives.

The New York Sun prints a report of a New York man's first experience of Chicago. The New Yorker had a German friend for company. The following parts of The Sun's article are interesting:

Chicago's streets are the shabbiest and filthiest the New Yorker ever saw, and he is tolerably well acquainted and at home in every American and Canadian city east of the Queen of the West. Clark street, Randolph street, Adams and Van Buren streets, Wabash avennue, and, in fact, all the streets they saw, or walked on, except State street, were full of ruts and holes; and State street needed cleaning to a degree that would have made Capt. Williams cry and the heart of Mr. Coleman ache. Accidently the reporter learned the reason for this.

"Chicago builds each year more than she can afterwards maintain," a man said. "She builds new miles of streets, and has to let the old miles fall out of repair. She has appropriated nothing for street-cleaning this year, and whatever is done in that line is done by day's work."

During the day the visitor rode several miles in all directions in the cable cars. They are admirable. They will leave New York behind the age as long as she is without them. One does not see them at their best in Philadelphia; it is necessary to go to Chicago, where they form the main means of intercommunication, to understand and enjoy them. The cars ride easily, move swiftly, stop quickly and gently, start without inconveniencing the passengers, and are better in most respects than New York's elevated roads. There seems to be no radical defect in the cable system. The cables cross one another, turn corners, cross beneath horse-car tracks, and surmount every obstacle that a crowded city presents. The people, children and all, seem accustomed to them and give them a wide birth in crossing the streets; but for emergencies alarm bells are provided, and each car has a little pilot, or "cow-catcher," of boards under each platform.

THE PARKS OF CHICAGO.

The parks of Chicago should be her pride, as they evidently are her joy. In spite of the flatness of the marsh and prairie land out of which they are constructed, they are more beautiful than ours at home, or, if not in all respects more beautiful, they are so well and so proudly maintained that they make us blush for our Central park, and for Fairmount in Philadelphia, and even for Baltimore's great pleasure ground. Washington park, as it is called on the maps, or the purely park portion of the South park territory, through which the New Yorker drove Sunday, is exceedingly beautiful. It is larger than Central park, and deserves a visit from our park commissioners in order that they may learn two essential things—how to maintain a park in a manner creditable to themselves, and how to make a park of value to the people whose property it is, and of whom they are the hired and well-paid servants. This park is divided into three parts—sward, road and lake. There are no paths to speak of and they are not needed. The settees for the people are scattered upon the sward, and the people move them about to keep in the slow circling shade of the trees. The grass, constantly watered, and mowed every five days, is a dense, soft, smooth carpet; and the broad, curving roads of clay and gravel, are as level as the surface of a mill pond. With the earth excavated to construct the great and pretty lake small hillocks have been made to diversify the surface and to allow for landscape effects, which have been delightfully achieved. By the way, whoever hires a boat on this lake may fish for the bass that swarm in the water. Think of it, ye tyrants of our neglected, shabby parks—the puble lolling and romping on the regal laws and fishing in the lake!

The gardener in the park is interesting, though as untrammeled in his ingenuity as the tiny gophers that sit upon their haunches in the grass over which he presides. He startles Chicago with his floral work. He constructs sphinxes and obelisks of little ice plants, sets out a great calendar of pretty flowers, changing it for every day in the summer, presents to the delighted Chicagoan view a huge floral sun-dial that actually marks the time of da,, and in the matter of elephants, hearts, anchors, crosses and the like, literally growing i the ground, his ingenuity knows no let or hindrance.

A NOBLE PLEASURE GROUND.

Lincoln park swarmed with happy visitors Sunday. It is the central park of Chicago, lies on Lake Michigan, and is best reached by way of Dearborn avenue, which, though Chicago does not appreciate it, is the handsomest, most aristocratic and impressive street in Chicago. It is more eloquent of true praise of the solid, wholesome, dignified qualities that must be considerable than all the Prairie and Michigan and the like avenues the place possesses. It contains less that is offensive than any other avenue or boulevard. But Lincoln park is a noble pleasure-ground. The trees are older than in the other parks, and the drive along Lake Michigan, as well as the views that the lake affords, are godsends to the city, which, by the way, is said to be almost always cool by reason of its waterside situation.

Not only in respect of its pa does Chicago excel the metropolis. I drives are even more excellent than her parks. In Chicago one may take his own or one of the cheap and good hacks of the public liverymen and ride over forty miles of roads that are simply p fect, and that intersect very beautiful dis icts, both rural and suburban. He will constantly meet the hideous but welcome watering-carts that account for the general absence of dust; and if, while he is on the south side, he will follow one of these carts into its stable he will see one of the prettiest sights in Chicago—a wooden rotunda, open (like a circus) in the middle, and framed with two rows of stalls, occupied by beautifully groomed and stalwart fat horses, monarchs of their kind. Each stall is labeled with its occupant's name—"Phil D." in compliment to the great packer; "Carter H.," after the mayor; "Long John," in honor of Mr. Wentworth, and so on. These horses drag the sprinklers and public 'buses, and among them are a few animals of gentler mold for the policemen. These bear such names as Ida, Louie, Princess, Beauty, and the like. Think of that, you New York park commissioners! Even the people's stable may be made a thing of interest, and even the people may enjoy it. The great building is as clean and sweet as the spring-house of a dairy. The carriages and the carts of the rich and the poor alike are driven in across the coach-house floor to the circle framed by the stalls, where men, women and children who have gone in on foot are found enjoying the unique sight.—New York Sun.

Nevada still has 1,500,000 acres of land for sale.

F. Marion Crawford's income from his novels is now $20,000 a year.

A CURIOUS ORIENTAL LAND

Now Being Scientifically Explored for the First Time.

During the past five years a work of great national and scientific interest has been going on in Japan. It is only within a few months that anything has been known of Japan in this country or in Europe. It has revealed hitherto unknown features of the country, and has thrown a flood of light on its geography, geology, and resource, both actual and possible. When the survey was begun there were hardly any maps which were reliable. The proportion of explored and unexplored resource was not known. The coast survey was quite correct, but the interior of the country was almost a terra incognita. The nature of the soil, the face of the country, and a topographical survey, were matters to be systematically examined and put on record.

The survey is conducted by three departments—topographical, geological, and agronomical. A fourth—a chemical section—was created to investigate and test the material presented by the geological and agronomical. The difficulties of the work have been numerous. The Japanese chain of islands is little more than a huge and complicated range of mountains, which, in parts, is hardly passable. Away from the main roads the survey could be accomplished only by great physical vigor and powers of endurance. The inadequate training of engineers and the ignorance of cortography as understood in Europe have proved serious obstacles to the success of the work. Again, when the stage of publisher was reached, the government, which would not for a moment allow the work to be done out of the country, was at a loss how to accomplish its object. Lithography and heliogravure were tried, but the Japanese did not understand these arts.

Ultimately the Toyodo Engineering company in Tokio was intrusted with the work, under the constant superintendence and control of a director, and it is curious to note that the maps are all etched, not engraved. The maps published are: A geological map showing the distribution of primitive, paleozoic, mesozoic, and tertiary deposits; an oroplastic map, showing the surface, shape, represented by horizontal layers, and the depths of surrounding soil; a magnetic map, representing the isogonic, the isoclinal, and the isodynamic lines of Japan; maps of the great historical earthquakes. The scientific digest shows that almost all the systems have had part in the formation of the Japanese range. It shows also that the mountain chain is of unilateral structure and beyond a doubt has been shifted from the side of the Japanese sea to the side of the free ocean. Another striking feature is the great transverse depression which crosses the main island near the capital.—Chicago Times.

In a Chicago Newsboys' Sunday School.

A few Sundays since several different biblical characters were being discussed in one of the classes. Samson had been duly examined and his powers unanimously commended. Without a dissenting voice he was pronounced a "good one." Samson having been passed upon, the teacher led up a discussion of Solomon by inquiring "Who was the wisest man who ever lived?"

"Robinson Crusoe," promptly responded a sturdy youngster, whose Sunday cleanness made him an unesy likeness of his ordinary grim self.

"Naw!" exclaimed a somewhat larger boy, with the derisiveness common to small superior technical knowledge, "Solomon was the wisest man as ever lived."

"Solomon!" exclaimed the first boy in a tone of utter scorn. "He wasn't nothin' but an old sheeney. I tell you Robinson Crusoe was the wisest man. He made a livin' on a desert island, all alone he did. I tell you it takes wiseness to do that. Solomon never did it; he didn't know enough." And this advocate of practical wisdom squared himself with a decision which seemed to indicate that he was not only ready to stand for his opinion, but, if opportunity offered, to strike out from the shoulder in support of his hero's claims to superiority in wisdom.—Chicago Times.

The Religion of the Koran.

Islam is one of the strangest facts in the history of man; under some aspects stranger even than Christianity itself. Christendom only partially acknowledges the influence of Christianity. The civilization of Christendom is not Christian but Roman in origin; its science and literature are Greek, its social systems mainly feudal and Teutonic. But the religion and civilization of Islam are one: the Koran is the standard of its literature, and the Moslem desires no further explanation of the mysteries of man and nature than what is given in the book dictated by God's own angel and in the traditions of its early commentators.

No other faith has ever succeeded in so perfectly interweaving itself with the acts and needs of common life as well as with the requirements of the state, and it subsists from age to age without a priesthood and without a church. The Moslem holds immediate communion with Allah, and the imam, aided by no ritual, simply leads the prayers of the assembled faithful, and declares, theologian wise, not the will or mercy of God, but the meaning and appreciation of his revealed word.—The Spectator.

Something New in Traveling Caps.

There's something now out that will knock the spots off the wire-cushion business. It is a new traveling cap, made with an air cushion in the back. Ordinarily it is just like any other traveling cap, but when you want to rest your head on the seat-back, and don't want all the hair on the back of your head rubbed off, all you have to do is to put your mouth down to the opening, blow up the little bag, and put in a cork. Then you put your cap on your head, and there you are, with as nice a cushion as a man could ask for. Did you ever see anything neater than that?—Chicago Herald.

According to the Paris Journals.

Mr. John W. Mackay, according to the Paris journals, has fitted up the smoking-room of his New York hotel in quite a unique manner. The walls are papered with bank-notes of all nations, artistically arranged and running up to the ceiling, the whole representing $20,000 in visible cash. They always manage to lasso the news in Paris.—Chicago Tribune.

Some Connection of the Family.

Mr. Wescott, of Baltimore, was in Washington some time ago and called on Senator Vest. The waiter took up his card, and as soon as the senator read it he remarked: "Ah, he must be a distant relative of mine, or at least some connection of the family. Bring him up."—Chicago Tribune.

Knew What He Was After.

"There is something in this little fellow I like," said an appreciative up-town visitor of a young hopeful he was trotting on his knee. "Say, now," said the boy, "how did you know I had swallowed a nickel?"—New Orleans Picayune.

A Book of Army Anecdotes.

It is said that Gen. Logan is to write another book, consisting of personal anecdotes of battles among Confederates as well as Union soldiers and officers.

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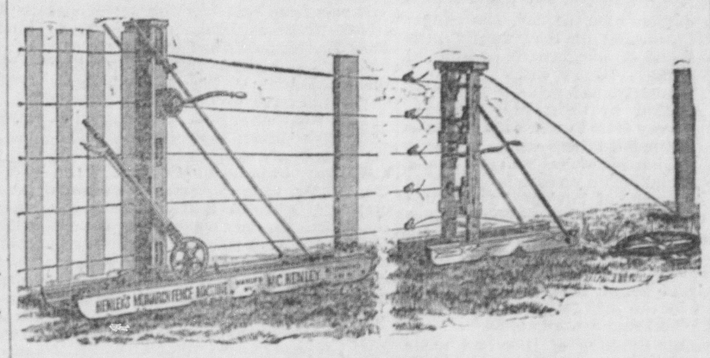

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6 Because any one, man or boy, can operate it, and there are no parts to get out of order and repair.
7 Because it is made of the best materials, and, with proper care, will last a life-time.
8 Because the price is within the reach of every farmer.
9 Because it is the only machine that forces the slat or picket firmly against the wire, thus securing the slat in such a solid and and permanent manner that it cannot be pulled out, and breakage is impossible.
10 Because the fence made by this machine will turn all kinds of stock, and is much stronger than any barb wire fence, and completely obviates all danger of injury to stock.
11 Because by weaving past the post, and fastening the wire strands to the posts with staples, and not nailing the slats to posts, thus keeping the wood parts from coming in contact with each other, it will not hold the moisture or rot. This is a very important matter, as all boards in board fences soon rot off at post, and occasion continued expense for repair.
12 Because all kinds of old material can be used for making new fence.
13 Because it makes the handsomest, best, strongest, and most durable fence, and is the only first-class, practical fence machine in the world.

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VOLUNTARY TESTIMONIAL.

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MR. JOHN CROCKET, Davis Grove, Pa. PHILADELPHIA, PA., May 15th, 1886.

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Descriptive pamphlet, with testimonials, free. Price $2.50. If mailed, 10c. additional. If registered, 10c. more.

One Box does the business. RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE. None Genuine without this Trade-Mark.

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OF PURE COD LIVER OIL

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Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANÆMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

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SIXTY YEARS AGO.

THE FASCINATION OF A FISHERMAN'S LIFE IN THOSE DAYS.

When New England Boys Along the Sea-Shore Were Web-Footed—How Fish Were Caught in By-Gone Years—Curiosities of the Sea.

"This fishery question must excite a good deal of interest among the people of the seashore towns of Essex county," said a gentleman who was one of those who went "down to the sea in ships" more than sixty years ago to a reporter. "Most of the boys down there are web-footed, at least they were when I was one of them. In those days, as soon as age and mother permitted, the boy would tie up his effects in a bundle-handkerchief and apply for a berth on some of the outward-bound fishing craft.

"The method of fishing has changed since my day. Seining was never practiced then. I have heard it spoken of among skippers, but the general opinion was that it was impracticable, as the mackerel were so shy and sprightly that they could not be surrounded. But the fishermen have found out how to do it since then. In my time there would be eight or ten boys strung along on the starboard side of the vessel as near together as they could comfortably fish. Each had two lines attached to the rail. The hook had a lead sinker, called a 'gig,' cast on. The bait was merely slipped on the hook—anything white or shiny would answer, a piece of pork rind or fish, or even a white rag. Sometimes a 10-cent piece was put on over the hilt of the hook before the lead was cast on. It made a good bait, and would wear for some weeks. The usual bait was a small, round piece cut from the throat of a fresh mackerel. Each man stood in fishing, with his left thigh against the rail, facing toward the stern of the vessel, holding a line between thumb and finger of each hand, ready at first call to yank in the line, the skipper, meantime, throwing over bait of mackerel ground in a mill, to attract the school, while the minds of the men were on their lines.

A WELL-MANAGED CREW.

A good day's fishing would yield 150 'wash barrels' of mackerel. A 'wash barrel' was one in which the fish were placed, with water, to soak out the blood before salting. In a well-managed crew about half the gang would knock off fishing at about noon and go to dressing—that is spitting and gibbing. The spitter had a board, laid across a tub made of a half hogshead, on which he laid the fish and run a knife down the back from nose to tail. He slid the fish to the gibbers, two of whom sat by to remove the entrails and throw the fish into the barrel of water. When the barrel was full the water was turned off, but immediately replaced with water drawn from over the side of the vessel. This was the second rinse, which was poured off after a few minutes, like the first. The fish were salted in barrels with Liverpool dry salt. I was one of a crew of ten who caught, dressed and salted 210 barrels of mackerel in one day off Mount Desert.

"There were many curiosities of the sea that interested the boys on their first voyage. Lying at anchor off Cape May, we were kept awake after turning in by the drum-fish which made such a pounding on the bottom of the vessel that sleep was almost impossible. Then we frequently caught a toad-fish, a short, plump, highly-colored specimen of marine natural history. Scratching his body with a chip causes him to swell up as round as a bladder, and to burst if the operation was long continued. We frequently found a kind of sucker attached to deep-sea cod. They are from one to two feet long, eel-shaped, with a round mouth, set with hooked teeth, with which they attach themselves to the fish so firmly that they will allow themselves to be pulled asunder before they will let go. Another curious thing is what the sailors call a salve-bag—a parasite, black in color and about the size of a large beetle, which it somewhat resembles. Their bodies are filled with a substance which looks like salve, and is said to possess excellent healing qualities."—Boston Herald."

Horses, Dogs and Other Animals.

The interest which yearly increases in horses and other domesticated animals will be as much manifested as ever at the summer resorts. Although attended with much difficulty and annoyance, people with horses of their own, used either for the saddle or driving, try in many instances to have them removed to the seaside or suburban places where they make their longest suburban stay, in order that they may have the enjoyment of them.

To a greater extent this is the case with pet dogs, though many of the best summer hotels and boarding-houses object to receiving them and there is hardly a hotel man who has not had to meet and settle the difficult dog problem; for while guests, as a rule, object to having miserable little whipper-snappers trotting and snarling around the passages and seeing them, as sometimes happens, brought into the dining-room, there are many persons who think so much of their pet bow-wows that they will not go themselves where their canine darlings are refused. It is mainly in order to gratify the growing human interest in the animal world that at so many of the places of summer resort special accommodations for horses and other animals are being provided and facilities increased for having them contribute to the amusement of the great crowds that congregate at these places.—Philadelphia Times.

Had to Ask Somebody Else.

Professor George L. Vose, whose manual on railroad engineering is authority the world over, was one day puzzling over the time-card on the wall of the Boston & Maine station, without making out what he wanted to know, when the president of the road, Mr. Furber, came by and accosted him. "I am very glad to see you," the professor said. "I wish you would help me out with this time table. I can not make head or tail out of it." The president joined in the investigation, and for some moments the pair floundered among the a. m.'s and p. m.'s, with no satisfactory results whatever. "Oh, I never can make anything out of these things," President Furber exclaimed at length. "Let's ask somebody." And they went and asked a brakeman.—Boston Cor. Providence Journal.

Cole Younger as a Preacher.

Cole Younger, by far the ablest of the brothers, is a man of considerable education, and, with the inducements of reflection afforded by the retirement at Stillwater, has made much of himself. He is particularly well posted on the Scriptures—better than the average clergyman in many points—and now regularly preaches to his fellow convicts, delivering able addresses. He has a peculiar, blunt, yet not unpleasant way of speaking, and is the favorite preacher in the prison.—Minneapolis Journal.

No Flags of Any Kind.

The authorities of Liverpool do not appear to like gay colors. They have recently issued an order forbidding any householder to exhibit a flag of any kind outside of his house.—Philadelphia Call.

A shirts mit your back vas more worth as dwo in der shore.—Carl Pretzel.

INFATUATED.

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me;
Oh, then I saw her eyes were bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye;
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

—Hartley Coleridge.

LARGE CITIES OF THE WORLD.

Correction of Some Errors Which Have Been Widely Copied—Grand Total.

Some one out of the large store of his misinformation has contributed an article to The New York Commercial Advertiser, which is being extensively copied, on the number of cities in the world with a population of 200,000 or upward. "It will hardly be thought," he says, "that there are not on the whole globe fifty cities containing 200,000 people, but such is the fact, and any one may convince himself of it by consulting a geographical dictionary. It would seem at first that there must be at least 200 cities of 200,000 population, but there is not, I repeat, one-fourth the number."

According to the latest general censuses and estimates at hand to the common date of 1881, the number of cities in the world of 200,000 population is at least ninety-six. Of these the United States has ten, the United Kingdom eleven, Germany proper five, Italy five, France four, Russia four, and the rest of Europe ten. Africa boasts only two, South America two, Australia two, and Mexico one. China is credited by the best authorities with twenty-eight cities of the class described, India seven, Japan four, and Persia one, making a total for Asia of forty and completing the grand total of ninety-six.

If there were any means of ascertaining the population of all the large cities of the world up to date it would probably be found that the number of those having a population of 200,000 or upward would be nearer 150 than 100. In the United States alone at least five would knock loudly for admission to the list—viz., Pittsburg, Washington, Buffalo, Newark, and Cleveland. In the United Kingdom the rapid growth of cities of 150,000 and upward justifies the belief that the list would be swelled by the addition of at least five.

The same writer in The Commercial Advertiser ventures to guess that "the cities that can lay claim to 100,000 population and upward are perhaps 150." If he had taken the trouble to consult any recent statistics of population he could have counted 216 cities of 100,000 and over. Subsequent accretions of population would bring this number up to at least 250.—Chicago News.

Three of 'Em Worth Four Millions.

At the opera the other night was a young newspaper man who knows a good many people. He sat in a free seat attired in a borrowed dress suit, and with barely enough cash in his pockets to pay the ice cream and street car fare for the elegant young lady of good family and fine accomplishments who had accepted his escort. Between the acts he begged to be excused, and retired for a few moments to the foyer, where he was seen in conversation with a large, plain-looking man and a handsome man with a brown mustache.

"I don't like to speak of such things," he said to the young lady on returning to his seat, "as I think that boasting of one's wealth is about the most vulgar thing out. But it is a singular coincidence that while I was standing in the foyer just now two gentlemen came up and entered into conversation with me. As we were talking I happened to think that the three of us were worth four million and a half dollars."

"Indeed!" queried the lady, who had not known him long.

"Yes. Marshall Field is worth three millions, George Pullman one million, and I think I could manage to scare up the other half dollar myself."—Chicago Herald.

How London Theatre-Goers Dress.

In entering any London theatre it is impossible not to remark the universally good appearance of all the men, young or old, in boxes, stalls, or even dress circle. Nowhere can be seen better fitting clothes better carried, more immaculate and expansive shirt fronts, spotless cuffs, neat white ties, perfectly tended ungloved hands, and quiet taste in jewelry. The Englishman is at home in a dress suit, and to be so absolutely clean in the murky and defiling atmosphere of London is in itself a saving grace. As you look round you feel surrounded by none but gentlemen, but when the opera or play is over, that illusion is rapidly dispelled. The splendidly groomed, faultlessly appareled beings appear in the lobbies and entrances wrapped in outer garments that seem to belong to the stables; their sleek heads disappear under every variety of grotesque headgear, they jostle and push and elbow the crowd as the veriest roughs on Lord Mayor's Day, light their cigarette under the nose of women, and unceremoniously delay them in the wet and draughty exits to hail a hansom and jump into it.—London Cor. New York Sun.

Results of a Wife's Self-Sacrifice.

The Troy Times relates that nearly forty years ago a prominent merchant of that city began commercial life as a peddler from house to house with a pack of goods. His wife, a true helpmeet, said to him: "I propose to lay aside a dollar every day, and then, in case of misfortune, we will have the money to fall back upon." Faithfully she adhered to her determination, though often at the cost of much self sacrifice. Her husband's business grew and prospered, and the dollar a day was easily put by. The steady additions to principal and interest swelled the sum total until, by careful husbanding, it had become a competency. Financial reverses met the merchant, and then both the wife's fidelity and her prudence became manifest. When he knew not whither to turn his wife placed at his disposal the handsome result of her nearly forty years of savings, and he was enabled to retrieve his losses and stem the tide of disaster.—Chicago Tribune.

The Gentle Parson and His Sheep.

The story is told of a prelate of the Church of England, on accepting a country benefice, urged a friend to make him a visit as soon as he got settled, remarking in perfect good faith, "I have a nice little green field attached to the rectory. I mean to keep a couple of sheep, and we shall have mutton kidneys fresh every morning for breakfast."—Boston Journal.

Soulful Melody in His Music.

The Philadelphia News has found out why the members of the orchestra always leave their places during the acts. It isn't because they are tired of the play and want to rest, but because they want to have a little play of their own, a game something like faro, called "bank." When they come back there is a soulful melody about the playing of the man who wins that at once distinguishes him from the others.

I'd ruther lissen to a po' preacher dat's er good man den ter er fine preacher dat is er hippercrit.—Arkansaw Traveler.

WATCH THE KIDNEYS.

They are the most important secretory organs. Into and through the Kidneys flow the waste fluids of the body, containing poisonous matter taken out of the system. If the Kidneys do not act properly this matter is retained, the whole system becomes disordered and the following symptoms will follow: Headache, weakness, pain in the small of back and loins, flushes of heat, chills, with disordered stomach and bowels. You can thoroughly protect the Kidneys by BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, and when any of these symptoms manifest themselves you can quickly rid yourself of them by this best of all medicines for the Kidneys. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS are sold everywhere at $1 per bottle, and one bottle will prove their efficacy.

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1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
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9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal. For Catalogues, or other information, address

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For years have been the standard remedy for LIVER COMPLAINT, COSTIVENESS, SICK HEADACHE, PAIN IN SHOULDERS or BACK, DIZZINESS, COATED TONGUE, and all diseases arising from the LIVER or STOMACH. Thomas Adams, of Big Sandy, Ky., says: "Sellers' Pills *saved* hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills in his county." Sold by Druggists.

Sellers Medicine Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A POT-PLANT HOSPITAL.

How Sickly Shrubs and House-Plants Are Doctored and Cured.

"Heard I had started what?" exclaimed the florist.

"A plant hospital for sick and debilitated posies. You just drop around here the second week in September and see the perfect avalanche of scrawny, half-starved, neglected, bilious and colicky-looking patients I have consigned to my care for the winter, expecting that I can put new life into them before spring comes again and return them to their homes in full bloom of health. Why, actually I have had dead patients brought in for me to bring to life again, and no amount of persuasion on my part could make the parties bringing them believe but what it could be done."

"What class of invalids are usually in?"

"Tropical plants, rubbers, lobelias, and camellia. They are families brought up in the south whose peculiar, delicate constitution is not adapted to the jump-jack changes of weather in the north around the lakes. The business is a great annoyance, for I can not make any profit from it to speak of; but, as the parties asking to have their patients cared for are my best winter customers, I can not well refuse them."

"Who are they principally?"

"People who live on the swell avenues who travel a great deal—go abroad part of the winter and to the seaside in the summer."

"Do you have any plants to board during the summer?"

"Yes, but not so many in proportion to what I receive in the fall. While people are away at the seaside or mountains I play doctor and visit their pets, administer physic and perform surgical operations, amputate diseased and affected limbs. Do you see that load in the wagon outside? They have been here all winter. They looked like a batch of dried up weeds when I took them in."

"What was done to them to bring them to the condition they are in now?"

"We changed the loam, put in a fertilizer and kept them well trimmed through the winter. A small shrub that is kept trimmed has less branches to draw away the vitality of the plant stock, and is far more liable to blossom heavy and last longer than plants left to shape themselves. Again, they present a more symmetrical appearance and please the eye thereby."

"How long has this business been a custom? When did it originate?"

"Where it originated I do not believe any one could tell you, and I suppose it has been in vogue to a small extent as long ago as people who kept house plants and private conservatories were obliged to have some one take care of them while they traveled."—Chicago Tribune.

The Luck of Literary Men.

Apparently Messrs. Julian Hawthorne and George P. Lathrop have abandoned their plan of starting a new literary paper. Mr. Hawthorne is to become the literary editor of The New York World, and Mr. Lathrop has accepted a similar position on The New York Star.—Chicago Journal.

The Constituent Elements of Alcohol.

Alcoholic liquors can be made from any substance that contains saccharine matter already formed by nature, or from any substance that contains the constituent elements that can be converted by some artificial process into the saccharine principle.—Philadelphia Call.

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25 YEARS IN USE.

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SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 30, 1886.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m		
" "	Harrisburg	3 50 a m		
" "	Montandon	5 30 a m		
" "	Williamsport	7 10 a m		
" "	Jersey Shore	7 55 a m		
" "	Lock Haven	8 45 a m		
" "	Renovo	9 25 a m		
" arr at	Erie	5 15 p m		
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m		
" "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m		
" "	Montandon	10 12 a m		
" "	Williamsport	11 10 a m		
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 10 p m		
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m		
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a m		
" "	Montandon	1 24 a m		
" arr at	Williamsport	2 30 p m		
" "	Lock Haven	3 45 p m		
" "	Renovo	4 45 p m		
" "	Kane	9 25 p m		
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 p m		
" "	Harrisburg	5 40 p m		
" "	Montandon	5 54 p m		
" "	Williamsport	7 10 p m		
" "	Lock Haven	8 02 p m		
" arr at	Renovo	9 00 p m		
	Sunday Train.			
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m		
" "	Harrisburg	7 40 a m		
" "	Montandon	9 37 a m		
" "	Williamsport	10 40 a m		
" "	Lock Haven	11 35 a m		
" "	arrives Renovo	12 30 p m		

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 05 a m		
" "	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m		
" "	Williamsport	8 15 a m		
" "	Montandon	9 16 a m		
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 50 a m		
" "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m		
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 25 a m		
" "	Renovo	10 20 a m		
" "	Lock Haven	11 15 a m		
" "	Williamsport	12 25 p m		
" "	Montandon	1 26 p m		
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 25 p m		
" "	Philadelphia	6 50 p m		
RENOVO ACC'N leaves	Renovo	4 00 p m		
" "	Lock Haven	5 00 p m		
" "	Williamsport	6 20 p m		
" "	Montandon	7 28 p m		
" arrives at	Harrisburg	9 30 p m		
" "	Philadelphia	4 45 a m		

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommodation East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	2 45 p m		
" "	Renovo	11 00 p m		
" "	Lock Haven	11 58 p m		
" "	Williamsport	1 25 a m		
" "	Montandon	2 26 a m		
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m		
" "	Philadelphia	8 25 a m		

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with N. C. R. R.; at Renovo with N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
1 30	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 50
1 45	10 25	6 05	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 35
1 55		6 15	Biehl	8 51		5 25
2 03		6 22	Vicksburg	8 45		5 18
2 16		6 33	Mifflinburg	8 33		5 05
2 35		6 48	Millmont	8 18		4 48
2 43		6 56	Laurelton	8 12		4 42
2 48		7 49	Coburn	7 22		3 45
3 55		7 56	Zerby	7 15		3 39
4 18		8 10	Rising Spring	6 06		3 12
4 27		8 19	Penn Cave	5 58		2 59
4 40		8 27	Centre Hall	5 50		2 45
4 56		8 34	Gregg	5 43		2 32
5 04		8 45	Linden Hall	5 30		1 18
5 13		8 52	Oak Hall	5 23		1 08
5 23		8 55	Lemont	5 20		2 00
5 27		9 08	Dale Summit	5 20		1 52
5 43		9 14	Pleasant Gap	5 09		1 33
5 59		9 18	Axemann	5 04		1 25
6 00		9 25	Bellefonte	5 00		1 15

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7 30 p m.

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Thus Runs the World Away.

Like snowy lilies fleet as fine
  Whose fragrant course is run,
Like dewdrops on the eglantine,
  Like frost-work in the sun;
So vanish youth's delightful dreams,
  So beauty's charms decay;
Like blossoms strewn on sparkling streams;
  Thus runs the world away.

Like foam upon the billows bright,
  Like sunset's gorgeous dyes,
Like moonbeams shedding silver light,
  Over the jewelled skies;
So swiftly from our vision glide
  Hopes, plans and projects gay.
Alone we roam at eventide;
  Thus runs the world away.

Of friends whom ruthless time destroys,
  We're, day by day, bereft;
The spectres of our perished joys,
  Are all the comrades left.
Love's chain is broken link by link.
  We sing the mournful lay,
Forlorn upon life's river brink!
  Thus runs the world away.

MISS MARTINEAU'S TEA.

It was to be served out on the veranda, a sort of open air annex to the sitting-room, which was located in the second story. The place was perfect, with its lace-worked drapery of vines—purple wisteria, roses and clematis—and there was a festive awning of Roman stripe unfurled to the south, subduing the sunshine to a hazy mellowness.

"This is just the place to do the ideal in," said Amy Layng, who reveled in the splendor of her friend's newly-acquired fortune. In the midst of such enchanting circumstances you never ought to lose your temper, Helene."

Miss Martineau was swinging herself lazily in a pretty hammock, with a look on her face that expressed the most profound indifference. Could it be that she was already bored by the excessive elegance of her position?

"If people would only let me alone," she said, with a shrug, "I could behave like an angel. *You* never annoy me, Amy, but," she added, with a comical sigh, "I feel as though it would take me a lifetime to recover from those tete-a-tetes with the dear Count, as Mrs. Stuyvesant calls him."

"Well, I don't wonder at that," said Amy, laughing. "He's not coming to the tea, I suppose?"

"He is not asked," Helene replied, with a languid motion of a delicate feather fan which she held.

"Poor fellow! I will tell Oscar he must do his best to replace him."

A dash of unaccountable color appeared in Helene's face, but the parrokeet feathers screened it.

"Is Oscar coming?" she asked, languidly.

"I believe so. It is a tremendous concession to you, my dear. He hates society, you know, and I don't think he took very kindly to your engagement to Count Wierlawsky."

"Don't he know it is all broken off?" said Helene hurriedly.

"Yes," said Amy, "but Oscar is an eccentric, you know, though he is one of the dearest fellows in the world. He was very fond of you, Helene, and I think he is rather afraid to meet you for fear he will find you changed."

"What makes you think that?"

"He asked me whether you were just the same as you were when you used to study Greek with him, and copy his chemistry notes. I know he thinks society and wealth have spoiled you, though I told him the contrary. He says——"

"What?" said Helene, imperiously, as Amy paused and went on sorting her embroidery silks in silence.

"He says," she continued, with a furtive glance at her friend, "that if you had never gotten rich, he would have been quite sure of you; but that now he could hardly say how you will turn out."

"Indeed!" cried Helene, with a little railing laugh, giving her fan such a savage flirt that the ivory handle snapped in twain; "I am indebted to Mr. Dwight for his opinion. When a man takes up preconceived ideas about me, I never think it worth while to combat them."

She got out of the hammock slowly, and trailed her blue cashmere morning gown over the veranda.

"I am going to order bisque and caramel ice," she said, suddenly. "It is the proper thing to have it served in coffee cups, Amy. Shall I bring out my Beluk service?"

Amy adored planning, and the arrangements for Miss Martineau's tea proved very absorbing. When Saturday came the veranda looked like an enchanted garden. The floor was patched with Oriental rugs, and plants were blooming in every corner, while luxurious chairs and divans were scattered about alongside of oddly-shaped tables spread with embroidered cloths and laden with dainty china.

As Oscar Dwight stepped through the curtained window on to the veranda in the wake of a butler who conveyed his card to Helene, he realized that he must be very late, for his fine head and gray eyes overtopped a crowd of gossiping tea-drinkers, already assembled.

Helene was sitting at the far end of the veranda. He singled her out at once, for she was taller than most women, and her small head had a proud poise which he could not fail to recognize. She was at her best that afternoon in a rich gown of crimson plush that was set off with ivory satin and trimmings of duchess lace.

"How beautiful she has grown," Oscar murmured, with a sharp pang; "and yet, if she had not come into her fortune she would probably have married that rascally Russian."

This thought was uppermost in his mind when he met Helene, and she held out to him a hand of faultless shape and fairness.

"Ah, Oscar!" she said with a languid smile—"or ought I to say Mr. Dwight? I am glad to see you—*vraiment*. But how horribly old it makes one feel to find you so grave and mature! You are an inch taller, I do believe. You look like—who was that heathenish Greek you used to dote on?"

"Really, now, Miss Helene," said Oscar with a clever imitation of the fashionable drawl, "you musn't corner a fellow in that way!"

Helene leveled her eyes at him in a brief stare which gave no response to the amused twinkle in his.

"It is just as I feared," thought Oscar, with a sinking heart. "They have spoiled her among them."

Helene caught a furtive glance at his face, and thought how well it had fulfilled its early promise. He was making proper speeches to her now. She listened with a conventionalized smile, and then said sweetly:

"You must take a cup of tea with me. Sit here, if you please. You will find this a cozy corner, and I think you will like my tea."

"I have no doubt of it," Oscar replied. "As Æschylus says—"

"Mr. Dwight," she cried, flippantly, "don't begin by quoting Greek at me! What had Æschylus to say about tea?"

"Nothing. It was about women."

"Oh!" said Helene, laughing. "Like other men, I presume he fancied he knew a great deal about them."

"I don't think he ever fancied that," said Oscar, taking his cup of tea. He was not such an infatuated fool."

"Your tone is not complimentary, Mr. Dwight. I fear you are a sad cynic. You ought not to fill your head with such heresy. It is not good for you, *pas du tout!*"

"Pardon?"

"Why, you understand French—perfectly, I remember."

"Oh, yes. But my mind never hankered after a sandwich of tongues. I always feel as though I had a slap in the face when I am getting on smoothly in one language and some one hurls at me the fragment of another. I will speak French with you, if you prefer it," he added, more gently.

Helene flushed. How like him that blunt speech was!

"Oh, no!" she hastened to say. "What will you have? Try these comfits. You will like them, I am sure. They taste just like——"

A luscious jacqueminot rose fell from her corsage. He picked it up and gravely returned it to her without a thought of appropriating it.

"This is like the guava preserve I brought you and Amy from Martinique," he said, tasting the comfit.

"Is it?" she said, carelessly, "I don't care much for those things. I suppose you know most of the people here, Mr. Dwight?"

"Too well," he answered, briefly.

"Barbarian!" she cried. "That is not the proper thing to say."

"I never say what I am expected to. I didn't come here to see these people, Helene."

"Unfortunate people! How have they incurred your displeasure?"

"I came to see you," he persisted. "It is not often that I——"

"Miss Martineau," said an attenuated soldier who precipitated his bows before her, "we are all dying to hear you sing. Won't you favor us?"

Oscar had a fierce desire to give him a kick and send him all the way over. He was bowing so profoundly that it would have taken very little to do it.

"If Mr. Dwight will excuse me," said Helene, turning to Oscar. "No! stay here and finish your tea. Captain Eyre will give me his arm."

Oscar watched her as she moved with languid grace over to where the piano stood. He remembered her voice, fresh, pure and resonant. She used to sing "Killarney," "Within a Mile of Edinboro'," and "The Last Rose of Summer," but now it was "Les Fleurs des Alpes," and a waltz song of Lecocq's. Her voice had improved with time and cultivation, but there was something left out of her songs.

"She is just as much lost to me as though she had married that Russian," said Oscar, bitterly, and as soon as he could he went away.

He left her with a listless handshake. He was the first to go, for her guests generally stayed late, and it was deep in the twilight before the last farewell was spoken.

There is nothing more forlorn than a festive scene after the guests have departed. Helene looked around the veranda with a wretched feeling of loneliness, and suddenly, with an irrepressible sob, she flung herself down on the couch where Oscar had sat beside her.

"Oh, my love!" she cried, with a burst of bitter tears. "You do not care for me at all."

The moon had risen high and full. Through the screen of tangled vines the silvery light fell upon her prostrate form, which was shaken with a storm of grief.

"Helene!"

She sprang up as though some one had struck her when she heard Oscar Dwight pronounce her name.

"What are you doing here?" she cried, passionately, enraged that he should have seen her tears.

"Pardon me!" he faltered. "I—I lost a diamond stud this afternoon, and I thought——"

"I will call a servant to get a light," she said, sweeping past him.

"Helene," he said, taking a step toword her.

"Well?"

"Have you quite forgotten the old days that you treat me so coldly?" he asked, in a gentle voice.

"It is you who have chosen to ignore the past," she replied, locking her hands so that he might not see how they trembled.

"You left me no other alternative. Helene, speak to me! My heart tells me you have not grown so cold and indifferent as you seem. There was a time when you prized the love I gave you. Is it utterly valueless now.?"

"You do not care for me so much as you used to," she said, with averted face.

"I love you, Helene. It is yours to say whether it shall be more or less."

She turned to him then with a radiant smile and held out her hands.

"Take me back!" she said. "I have been miserable ever since you went away."

If, at that moment, any of the guests had returned to the veranda, they might have witnessed a tableau like Millais' "Huguenot Lovers," for Oscar possessed himself of his own.

"Why did you repel me?" he said, looking down into her face, which had assumed its own true and tender guise. "Why did you not let me know you as you are?"

"I was proud," she said. "I did not want you to know that I cared to please you. Oh, Oscar! don't be angry with me. How was I to know that you loved me?"

"I told you once."

"Yes; but that was long, long ago."

"Had you ceased to love me?"

"No; but——"

"Why should your love be stronger than mine?"

"I don't know," she sighed; "only I did not think you cared."

He bent over and kissed her.

"Never doubt me again, dear," he said. "Think how nearly I lost you! If I had not come back and found you here weeping, I should have gone away and never seen you again."

Helene bowed her head with due penitence. As she did so a bright flash of light from the floor made her cry:

"Oh, Oscar! There is your diamond!"

She stooped and picked up the jewel from the floor. It was a superb white stone, which was seen to sparkle afterward on the third finger of her left hand, for Oscar had it set as an engagement ring.

Maine's First Locomotive.

An Auburn veteran, who saw Maine's first locomotive and her first train of cars as they moved for the first time over a Maine railroad track, tells of that great event in the history of the Pine Tree State as he lingered at the tea table nonchalently sipping his third cup of tea one evening recently.

"The first railroad ever built in Maine," said our friend, "was between Bangor and Oldtown. 'Twas about the time of the Aroostook war, in 1839, when the first train of cars that ever sped over this State started early one morning from Bangor to Oldtown, a run of about twelve miles. It was a red letter day for Bangor and not far short of your modern Fourth of July celebration.

"I shall never forget with what pride I harnessed up the old mare and drove into town the morning the engine made her first trip. The old horse had all she could do to lug us up into town, for everybody we met on the road hailed us for a ride into Bangor to see the big engine start.

"Long before the engine had fired up a good head of steam, all the available opportunities for seeing the steam horse start were taken up by all the eager inhabitants who had flocked from far and near, as some said, to see a grand failure, and, as others insisted, to witness the biggest triumph Maine ever saw. There was the old farmer and his whole family, the school boys and girls and their grub-baskets in their hands, the village parson, the Yankee peddler and all the country folk from far and near—all come to see the engineer pull out the steam valve, and set the big iron wheels in motion.

"The track was made of bar iron laid on timbers something like our modern horse car tracks. Before the word was given to start her groups of farmers here and there were lustily airing their ideas about introducing the locomotive into the borders of Maine.

"'What's going to become of our horses now the engine's come?' was the sentiment of the crowd. It seemed to them that horses would have to go to the dogs. As a matter of fact at that time you could buy as good a horse for $50 as in these days of the locomotive would cost you $300.

"But to return to my story. Just before the time for the engine to start all that were smart enough jumped into the cab till it was crowded with locomotive and railroad enthusiasts, and the signal was given to start. The engineer pulled out the throttle valve, pulled the steam whistle and the engine groaned and puffed as if it would run a sixty mile clip, but never an inch did she start. The engineer fussed and worked, but 'twas no use. The iron horse was balky and wouldn't go. So all hands jumped off the cab, laid hold on the engine and pushed as if their very existence depended on the extent of their muscle capacity. The engineer pulled out the valve again and this time she started, slowly at first, but soon our locomotive was out of sight, while along the railroad tracks, hats, canes, dinner pails and spectacles were flying in the air and the people joined in a grand up and down the center, to the music of the fast receding steam engine. And that's the way we sent out the first Maine steam engine a flying," concluded the Auburn veteran, as he drained his fourth cup of Japan.

INSECTS IN JEWELRY.

The Limitations Which Good Taste Should Suggest.

A writer on fashions in a London contemporary says: "Standing the other evening behind a gorgeously-dressed woman, I was almost startled out of well-bred indifference by the sight of an insect clinging to the boundary line of her low-necked bodice. Its head was bent between its fore-feet, its dart seemed buried in the pearly white of her rounded shoulder. Of course, it hardly needed a second glance to assure me that the creature was not real; the body was in Labrador stone, yellow striped with brown, the head a deepened sapphire, the legs golden, and the whole made up a very capital imitation of a hornet—the close proximity of which to human flesh suggested horrible probabilities. The taste for insects and animals is all very well, so long as it is confined to the harmless and more refined species, honored by poets and prose writers. The diamond butterfly, with blood-red ruby spots on its outspread wings, looks very beautiful hovering over a posy of fresh blossoms, or among the soft undulations of ostrich plumes; to the serpent, the scarbæus and the tortoise, accepted by antique tradition, we are accustomed; the lizard seems a natural clasp for a *bouquet de corsage*; the homely fly, in precious stones of various kinds, introduced into the decoration of brooches, bracelets, earrings, cravat pins, amber mouth-pieces for cigars and cigarettes, gold book-markers, paper knives and other costly toys, are unobjectionable; and one can afford to laugh at the fancy that produces pins and charms in the form of bears, poodles, monkeys, elephants, pigs and shrimps. But the line ought to be drawn above hornets and wasps, green-gold grasshoppers, black-enameled ants, great stag's-head beetles and huge crooked-legged spiders.

QUININE CHEAPER THAN EVER.

What Causes This---Profits made by Retailers.

It may be some consolation to sufferers from malaria to know that there is little if any impure quinine in the market at present. This desirable state of things is not due to any sudden spasm of virtue on the part of druggists, but arises from causes that are purely economical. Quinine is lower in price now than it has ever been; it is selling wholesale at 55 cents an ounce, and is so much cheaper proportionately than its usual adulterants that a loss rather than a profit would result from mixing these with it.

"People are almost certain to get quinine pure this season, no matter where they buy it," said the proprietor of one of the large drug stores near the Post-Office. "The most unscrupulous druggist has no incentive to adulterate it now as he did when he used to pay $3 and $4 an ounce for it. Then it paid to mix it with cinchonia, which sold for $1 or so an ounce. Yes, that is about the only ingredient used and it has the properties, though not the strength of quinine. About the only fault found with a compound of this kind was that it lacked power. Nothing injurious ever resulted from its use nor, in fact, do I know of any substance that would probably be mixed with quinine, which might harm the system. The most despicable form of fraud practised with this drug is the short-weight dodge. This is worked by some of the extreme 'cut-rate' stores and unprincipled dealers. They sell a pill that contains but one grain of quinine for a two-grain pill, thereby making just double the usual profit, which one would think large enough at present. An ounce of quinine costs the retail druggist a little over 50 cents. There are 480 grains in an ounce. At a cent a grain this gives a profit of over $4 an onuce, allowing for the cost of the rice flour and gum-arabic which form the body of the pills as well as for the time required to roll them. Some of the high-priced druggists charge two cents a grain, making a profit of about $9 an ounce, or something like 1,800 per cent. on their investment. The cheap stores I referred to that give one grain instead of two to their customers, make almost as much as this, and few of them are ever found out."

"How do you account for the cheapness of the drug at this time?" was asked.

"Quinine, as you are aware, is derived from Peruvian or Jesuit's bark, obtained from various species of cinchona which grow in the Colombian, Ecuador, Bolivian and Peruvian forests of South America. The Countess de la Cinchon, wife of a Peruvian Viceroy was cured of a fever by its use, and when she returned to Europe introduced the medicine there about the middle of the seventeenth century. It derived the name cinchona from her. This bark used to be gathered by the Cascarillas Indians chiefly, who obtained it by cutting down the trees that produced it. This, of course, soon thinned out the more valuable trees and such was the reckless stupidity of the Peruvian Government that, though it put every obstacle in the way of the tree being planted elsewhere, it never attempted by a system of forestry to renew the riches thus improvidentially wasted. The result was that quinine became scarcer every year; the price of it went up to an extravagant figure, and at one time it seemed as if the most important drug was likely to become unobtainable. It was at this time that the East Indian Government determined to try to naturalize the cinchona tree in India. To obtain seeds and young plants was a difficult task, but Professor Clement R. Markham, Dr. Spruce, and others accomplished it, and in a short time a flourishing plantation was yielding large quantities of quinine on the Neilgherry Hills of Southern India. The tree has since become naturalized in Java, the mountainous regions of Jamaica and many other places, so that we are almost if not entirely independent of the Peruvian forests for this great febrifuge. It is this increased production of it all over the world, one might say, which is making the drug cheaper and cheaper every year as the demand for it becomes more widespread in this and all other countries where

"'Men shiver and shake,
Dose, swear and bake.'"

Mushrooms Made of Dough.

"You notice on the bill of fare that your turtle soup is but ten cents more per plate than mock turtle soup," said a stranger in a great gilded eating-house. "Calipash and Calipee—green fat—is a historic delicacy, famed in the history of the world's metropolis as the acme of epicurean delight, for ten cents more than a fried meat ball. But the age likes to think it is eating turtle soup. It sounds rich, therefore the vealy counterfeit. I am going to eat a Spanish omelet," continued the stranger, changing the subject. The stranger gave his order to a colored waiter, who yawned and twisted his mustache, and the omelet was brought. The stranger investigated the ingredients of the savory mess with his fork, and on the end of the utensil produced a mushroom.

"Look at this," he said. Then he picked at the appetizing vegetable with his knife, scraped off the covering of sauce, and began paring the stem. It crumpled under the operation in a decidedly unvegetable way. The reporter's eyes popped out on his cheeks.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Dough," replied the stranger. "It is an old trick. Mushrooms are scarce and high. Still the patrons like to have the sensation of ordering mushrooms in that composition. If prices were put up to the mushroom market they would abandon the restaurant. So they use dough. It is harmless. I would advise the proprietor to stick to dough, and not indulge in toadstools, which might work injury."

—Leonatus, the crack 3-year-old of 1883, has been sent to Chicago by Chinn & Morgan, and will be trained again, after a retirement of two years in the stud.

HORSE NOTES.

—Problem, Mr. J. I. Case's $5000 trotter, is reported lame.

—Ten nominations for the $10,000 guaranteed stakes, to be trotted for at Charter Oak Park, have made the second payments, making the present value $5000.

—E. S. Gardner, Sandersville, Tenn., has purchased of Henry J. Roberts, of New York, the ch. m. Girofla, foaled 1878, by Imp. Leamington—Ratan, by Lexington.

—Clay & Woodford, Runnymede Stud, Paris, Ky., recently lost the suckling colt foaled May 6, by imported Billet, dam Mundane, by Lexington. He was a full brother to Blue Wing.

—William Jennings, Glengar Stud, Mount Washington, Md., lost recently the imported brood mare Frey, foaled 1870, by Dundee—Barricade, by Kingston, out of Buttress, by Defense.

—J. N. Wilson, of Easton, Pa., has sold to W. C. France, the b. m. Lady Everett, by Edward Everett, dam Jennie. Lady Everett will be driven double on the road with the b. g. Bob Pinkerton.

—Canton, full brother to Aladdin, 2.26¼, is now owned by White & Myer, of Baltimore. Canton is a bay stallion, standing 16 hands, by Jay Gould, 2.21½, dam Lady Shipley, by Price's St. Lawrence.

—Messrs. Van Wyck, of Wrenwood Stock Farm, have sold the bay stallion Roscoe Conkling, by Virgo Hambletonian, dam Kate Thorne, to William A. Bailey, of Steuben county, New York, for $2000

—Trinket, record 2.14, by Princeps, dam Ouida, by Hambletonian, has been bred to Dexter Bradford, a son of Hambletonian. Trinket was lame last spring, and she will probably never be started in a race again.

—Steeplechasing is as dangerous in Europe as here. The French jockeys appear particularly reckless. One jockey was killed at Auteuil this spring, another one at Vincennes, last month, and still another in Spain.

—Honesty, pacing record 2.22, has taken to trotting. He trotted a mile in 2.35 the day he changed his gait. It is now contemplated to make a trotter of him, as he evidently shows a liking for that mode of traveling.

—The Preakness Stable has had more than its share of misfortune this season. Nearly all its horses have gone amiss from epizootic, and now comes the finishing stroke in the death of Regina, the bay filly, 3 years, by Spendthrift, dam Imp. Constantinople.

—John Rodgers, the trainer and driver, who was for many years a regular feature at Fleetwood, has become mildly insane. He was at first sent to Bellevue Hospital, and left there but a few days ago for the insane asylum at Wood's Island. He was at one time at the old Hunting Park Course, Philadelphia.

—Belle Oakley, record 2.24½, by Garibaldi, purchased with Edward Medium in 1882, by Commodore Breda, a wealthy Italian nobleman, died lately, heavy in foal to Ellwood Medium, which is making a reputation as a sire. Belle Oakley won several races in Europe, defeating American and Russian trotters.

—The loss of the Preakness mare Regina should be a warning to trainers who make it a practice of exercising horses in plates instead of shoes. We understand that Regina's shoes had never been removed since her last race at Jerome Park, a period of some three weeks, Naturally they had become worn and thin, and broke, with the result that one of the broken pieces punctured her frog. Plates such as are now in use are very light and thin, and ill calculated to stand the continual work of galloping over sand tracks every morning for weeks.

—We think we are justified in announcing the return of Mr. Pierre Lorillard to the turf next season, and that the famous cherry jacket of Rancocas will again be seen battling in the front, not only here, but perhaps in England and France. He has eleven head of yearlings now being broken at Rancocas, and last week we espied Mr. David McCann, the veteran trainer, at Sheepshead Bay. McCann is now an employe on the Rancocas Farm, and stated to us that he had come up to town on a hunt for good exercising lads, which shows pretty plainly that they are not laggards at Rancocas, but are going at their yearlings with a view to an active and energetic campaign next season, and certainly, from the quality of the yearlings they possess, we may confidently look for more Wandas, Winfreds, Savanacs and Dewdrops next season. Mr. Lorillard has not lost his taste for racing. He came to Sheepshead to see Savanac perform for the Suburban, and left as soon as the race was finished.

—Commenting on the betting on the Suburban, the *Wilkes' Spirit* says: "We are told that the bookmakers were heavy losers on the race. They always are, according to their own story. It is astonishing how predisposing to philanthropy is the occupation of a bookmaker. If we are to believe him he loses so invariably that we can only conclude that his bank account is as inexhaustible as that of the Count of Monte Cristo. That some of the bookmakers were hit through Troubadour's success there is no doubt. From all we can glean, after carefully searching for the facts, Captain Brown and his party won between $50,000 and $75,000 at the most. But there were fully sixty horses backed in the Suburban, and to an extent that the owners of seven or eight of them stood to win $100,000 at not very long odds. Troubadour was not backed to any great amount by public money until the eleventh hour. Indeed the public never took to the horse until the day of the race. We are almost prepared to say that there was a great deal more money lost on Richmond, Ban Fox, Lizzie Dwyer and Joe Cotton than was lost on Tronbadour. Then, taking the money lost on Pontiac, which was a small fortune, it seems rather queer that the ring should come out behind on the race."

FASHION NOTES.

—Black satin parasols are brought out flowered or striped with jet embroidery.

—The wearing of wavy curls resting on the neck is restricted to very youthful ladies.

—Beads are much used on the summer bonnets, varying inside from small to very large.

—Many of the new sunshades show bouquets of jonquils or daffodills tied on with black ribbons.

—Gold pendants for pins and chains remain in favor. Quite new are the wild rose pendants.

—Dark blue etamine made up with merely a vest of moire, makes a stylish and quiet dress for traveling.

—Convent cloth is a fine momie and procetta a very light, cool fabric woven like Henrietta cloth.

—The great novelty at present is shaded sicilliennes and velvets. They range from the darkest to the lightest hues.

—A copper red velvet vest collar and cuffs are handsome in a jacket of Havana brown cloth or of lighter ecru cloth.

—Ulsterettes for girls of all sizes are made of rough cloths in light weight woolens that may be worn in cool days all summer.

—A novel idea recently introduced is the use of bright figured brocade on black ground for foundation dresses under black lace.

—It is seldom that so late in the season a new departure is made in dress fabrics.

—Velvet and plush enter largely into all summer fashions, strange as it may seem, and even wraps and skirts are made of cord de la reine.

—As for the tennis shoes, if one wishes to be very smart, there are patent-leather shoes exactly like gentlemen's pumps, but these are not so easy to play in as soft kid ones laced up the front.

—Half-inch blocks in surah, quite gingham in effect, are purchased lavishly for children for summer travel, for ladies' wrappers and skirts to be worn with the very fashionable plain woolens in drapery and bodice, or Norfolk jackets,

—Ecru canvas makes a becoming, cool and stylish dress, trimmed with stripes of black velvet, with Maud Muller hat, faced with cardinal and trimmed with hedge roses and velvet loops. A scarlet silk neckerchief knotted around the throat will impart a gypsy-like brilliance and picturesqueness to the whole.

—The piece laces so popular last year find quite as many admirers this. The prices somewhat reduced makes it possible to renovate a somewhat faded dress quite into a look of newness. Lace over silk veils is sufficient to soften glaring colors, besides concealing the wear and tear of a former season.

—Three silk handkerchiefs with brocaded borders will make a charming sleeveless jacket to wear over a kilted skirt with a blouse waist above. Two more handkerchiefs make a pretty tennis apron to match, and one more, deftly twisted, will quickly be turned into a tennis toque. Many girls, regardless of sunburning, wear jockey caps; others cannot get hats large enough to suit them. The sailor hat is an excellent choice and a happy medium, for while the wide brim shades the face it allows one at the same time to take a ball that with a tiny cap, leaving the sun in her eyes, or with a very large one she might not be able to see.

—We started out with alternate stripes of various widths, with checks from the pin-head to half-inch, with spots, dots and figures. Suddenly, hair lines of all wool, black and white, blue or brown, or green and white, were brought out, and every one must have a tailor-made hair line for travel, driving, the mountains, etc. Made very plain, yet artistic, these suits commend themselves at once as really stylish, and quite in keeping with the use assigned them. The material is forty-five inches wide, a wiry twist repelling dust, yet soft and pleasant to wear, and is sold for $1.25 per yard. But hair lines must not be confined to wool in summer, so there is a right pretty foulard, a blue ground, the navy tint preferred, which has white hair lines one-half inch apart. This combined with plain foulard and creamy lace makes a nobby suit for girls from 12 to 15. Nearly all stripes are this season used for the skirt and accessions, the fitted and draped part of plain fabric. This does not, however, hold with the wool hair lines, which are mostly braid and button trimmed. Canvas is seldom used for the entire suit, but moire, faille or taffeta silk is used for the skirt and often the plastron, with cuffs and collar of the same or exact shade in velvet.

—A pretty tennis suit lately worn was made of dove-gray nun's cloth, with a scarf of Turkish embroidery arranged across the front. This embroidery, in Anasene, was wrought in a material of lighter weight, but precisely the same tint of gray as the dress. The effect of the deep red and gold, which were the dominant colors, was intensified by the red lining of the gray sailor hat that accompanied the dress, and the cluster of gay red poppies that wreated the crown. Another dress, in dreadful contrast, was made of bright yellow flannel, striped with vivid cardinal. This was suggestive of a vivid tropical bird, only that neither parrots nor paroquets try to tone themselves down by such an inartistic device as a black hat. If fashion is to be always followed we, shall no doubt see more of these distressing combinations, and gowns of "high art" dingy green, bilious blue and jaundiced yellow will abound; but if the immense flower designs and ridiculous large stripes and plaids now set forth in the shop windows for tennis wear really appear in suits, the teeth of the masculine players who have any idea of taste will be on edge, and every man of them will shudder at the sight.

AN OPIUM EATER'S STORY.

Crawling Over Red Hot Bars of Iron in His Fearful Frenzy—A Scientific Investigation and Its Results.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

"Opium or death!"

This brief sentence was fairly hissed into the ear of a prominent druggist on Vine street by a person who, a few years ago well off is to-day a hopeless wreck.

One can scarcely realize the sufferings of an opium victim. De Quincy has vividly portrayed it. But who can fitly describe the joy of the rescued victim?

H. C. Wilson, of Loveland, O., formerly with March, Harwood & Co., manufacturing chemists of St. Louis, and of the well known firm of H. C. Wilson & Co., chemists, formerly of this city, gave our reporter yesterday a bit of thrilling personal experience in this line.

"I have crawled over red hot bars of iron and coals of fire," he said, 'in my agony during an opium frenzy. The very thought of my sufferings freezes my blood and chills my bones. I was then eating over 30 grains of opium daily."

"How did you contract the habit?"

Excessive business cares broke me down and my doctor prescribed opium! That is the way nine-tenths of cases commence. When I determined to stop, however, I found *I could not do it.*

"You may be surprised to know," he said, "that two-fifths of the slaves of morphine and opium are physicians. Many of these I met. We studied our cases carefully. We found out what the organs were in which the appetite was developed and sustained; that no victim was free from a demoralized condition of those organs; *that the hope of a cure depended entirely upon the degree of vigor which could be imparted to them.* I have seen patients, while undergoing treatment, compelled to resort to opium again to deaden the horrible pain in those organs. I marvel how I ever escaped."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Wilson, that you have conquered the habit?"

"Indeed I have."

"Do you object to telling me how?"

"No, sir. Studying the matter with several opium-eating physicians, we became satisfied that the appetite for opium was located in the kidneys and liver. Our next object was to find a specific for restoring those organs to health. The physicians, much against their code, addressed their attention to a certain remedy and became thoroughly convinced on its scientific merits alone, that it was the only one that could be relied upon in every case of disordered kidneys and liver. I thereupon began using it and, supplementing it with my own special treatment, finally got fully over the habit. I may say that the most important part of the treatment, is to get those organs first into good working condition, for in them the appetite originates and is sustained, and in them over ninety per cent. of all other human ailments originate."

"For the last seven years this position has been taken by the proprietors of that remedy and finally it is becoming an acknowledged scientific truth among the medical profession; many of them, however, do not openly acknowledge it, and yet, knowing that they have no other scientific specific, their code not allowing them to use, it they buy it upon the quiet and prescribe it in their own bottles."

"As I said before, the opium and morphine habits can never be cured until the appetite for them is routed out of the kidneys and liver. I have tried everything,—experimented with everything and as the result of my studies and investigation, I can say I *know* nothing that can accomplish this result but Warner's safe cure."

"Have others tried dour treatment."

"Yes sir, many; and all who have followed it fully have recovered. Several of them who did not first treat their kidneys and liver for six or eight weeks, as I advised them, completely failed. This form of treatment is always insisted upon for all patients, whether treated by mail or at the Loveland Opium Institute, and supplemented by our special private treatment, *it always cures.*

Mr. Wilson stands very high wherever known. His experience is only another proof of the wonderful and conceded power of Warner's safe cure over all diseases of the kidneys, liver and blood, and the diseases caused by derangement of those organs. We may say that it is very flattering to the proprietors of Warner's safe cure that it has received the highest medical endorsement and, after persistent study, it is admitted by scientists that there is nothing in materia medica for the restoration of those great organs that equals it in power. We take pleasure in publishing the above statements coming from so reliable a source as Mr. Wilson and confirming by personal experience what we have time and again published in our columns. We also extend to the proprietors our hearty congratulations on the results wrought.

The use of sea or river sand is injurious in the cleansing of glass or laboratory vessels, as the sharp fragments of quartz scratch the surface of the glass. Lead shot, which is an excellent mechanical cleanser, is condemned because it leaves a part of its substance on the glass, which has to be removed by dilute nitric acid. Clean wood ash is recommended by Dr. A. Muller for domestic use, as it acts both mechanically and chemically by its potash. Powdered rock salt is also used. For glass vessels used in the laboratory he also recommends a piece of india rubber cut into the form of a tongue or other convenient shape, and fastened to a flexible wire as a handle.

An enormous aerolite fell on February 16th, a little before 3 p. m., in a plowed field near Alfianello, between Cremona and Brescia, sinking more than one meter in the ground, and producing a rumbling noise, heard 20 kilometers off and reeling of the nearest houses as by an earthquake. Unhappily, almost immediately after it fell the country people demolished the aerolite and removed the larger fragments.

At the last meeting of the Linnæan Society, London, England, Dr. Cobbold described a worm, which he called *Simondsia paradoxa*. It is a nematode, the male living free in the stomach of the hog, while the female is lodged in cysts within the walls of the stomach. Although discovered fifty years ago by Prof. Simonds, the Lancet says the worm has never been properly examined. The strange thing is that the female carries outside its body a large rosette-shaped organ. This the author of the paper considers to be the uterus.

Syrup of tolu, when prepared by heating the balsam with water for four hours in the water bath, is perfectly odorless at first, but after a time acquires a benzine like odor, which Professor Malenfant, in the Journal of Pharmacy, shows by experiment is due to the decomposition of the ethereal cinnamates present, these yielding first cinnamic acid, which is then further decomposed into cinnamene and carbonic anhydride.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"For me it is a chaos, a period of transition, in whose feverish heat every egg of theory hatches and none live."

Confession of the Late Dr. Dio Lewis.

Thousands of people all over this country will hear with keen regret of the death of Dr. Dio Lewis. For many years he has been the inspiration of good health to thousands and has ministered comfort to those who would very sadly have missed his cheering words. Dr. Lewis was one of the most genial and inspiring of men. He did not believe very much in taking medicine, making hygiene a great hobby and insisting that if a person would live right there would be little necessity of medicine; and yet in 1883, his candor above all things else being noticeable, he said, "If I found myself afflicted with a serious kidney disorder I would use Warner's safe cure." Adding, "The truth is the medical profession stands dazed and helpless in the presence of more than one kidney malady, while the testimonials of hundreds of intelligent and very reputable gentlemen, hardly leave room to doubt that the proprietors of that remedy have fallen upon one of those happy discoveries which occasionally bring help to suffering humanity. I am not so narrow that I cannot gratefully recognize the precious value of relief in the form of medicine." Dr. Lewis met with an accident which injured him so that erysipelas set in and carried him off. His testimonial, coming as it did from a free, frank and open heart, is a very important confirmation of what so many thousands have said of the remedy he so highly commended.

"When one's mind is made up, one looks about for advice—wind to the ship making port! It matters little which way it blows."

Another Life Saved.

Mrs. Harriet Cummings, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "Early last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold, which settled on her lungs. We tried several medicines, none of which seemed to do her any good but she continued to get worse, and finally raised large amounts of blood from her lungs. We called in a family physician, but he failed to do her any good. At this time a friend, who had been cured by DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, advised me to give it a trial. We then got a bottle, and she began to improve, and by the use of three bottles was entirely cured."

"In friendship one gives what one has, but in love the values are fictitious, and imagination fixes the price."

In hundreds of cases, Hood's Sarsaparilla, by purifying and enriching the blood, has proven a potent remedy for rheumatism. Hence, if you suffer the pains and aches of this disease, it is fair to assume that Hood's sarsaparilla will cure you. Give it a trial.

A correspondent of the Indiana *Farmer* recommends the squash as a cheap green food for stock in winter.

Frazer Axle Grease.

There is no need of being imposed on if you will insist on having the Frazer Brand of Axle Grease. One greasing will last two weeks.

Clover is so easily injured by smothering that even the rakings should be carefully removed where a second crop is expected.

"WELL, my young gentleman, how would you like your hair cut?" "Oh, like papa's please; with a little round bare place on top." Moral to papas—use Carboline, the great Natural Hair renewer.

It was stated at the Electrical Convention in Baltimore that the total investment for electrical lighting in this country amounts to $70,000,000.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Perro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

Buckwheat, when filling, wants the moist, cool weather of autumn, hence the propriety of seeding with reference to that want.

LYON'S Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners keep new boots and shoes from running over. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

A. D. Pryal, of Alameda, Cal., finds that budding the apricot on the peach is the cause of their being liable to die out in a short time.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Less than one-third of the earth and debris that cover the ruins of Pompeii have yet been removed.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

A tool steel is being reduced at a steel works in Philadelphia which, it is claimed, possesses remarkable qualities. Its chief peculiarity consists in its being self-hardening, like English musket steel. No process of hardening in water or other liquids, nor of subsequent tempering, is necessary in its use. A tool from this steel is shaped over the anvil, as with ordinary steel. When the tool is forged, it is laid aside to cool in the air. When quite cold it is found to have taken a hardness exceeding that of any steel hardened by the usual process of immersion in water or brine. So hard is it that the teeth of a Stubbs file will be turned by a single stroke across it, and the edge of a finely tempered cold chisel completely destroyed in an attempt to cut it, not the slightest impression being left on the Tindel steel.

Where Are You Going?

If you have pain in the back, pale and sallow complexion, bilious or sick headache, erruptions on the skin, coated tongue, sluggish circulation, or a hacking cough, you are going into your grave if you do not take steps to cure yourself. If you are wise you will do this by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" compounded of the most efficacious ingredients known to medical science for giving health and strength to the system through the medium of the liver and the blood.

Mica is a silicate of alumina, but contains potash. It is not plastic or capable of being moulded. It will stand any heat below red. In steam and boiling water it is disposed to become opaque by corrosion of the surface.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

It is authoritatively stated that odoriferousness is one of the properties especially conductive to the durability of wood.

Life seems hardly worth the living to-day to many a tired, unhappy discouraged woman who is suffering from chronic female weakness for which she has been able to find no relief. But there is a certain cure for all the painful complaints to which the weaker sex is liable. We refer to Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" to the virtues of which thousands of women can testify. As a tonic and nervine it is unsurpassed. All druggists.

By the aid of a recent French invention divers are now enabled to descend 800 feet below the surface of the water.

STOP that Cough, that tickling in the throat! STOP that Consumptive Condition! You can be cured! You can't afford to wait! Dr. Killmer's Cough Cure [*Consumption Oil*] will do it quickly and permanently. 25 cents.

A Chinese bank-note 3284 years old is in the Museum of St. Petersburg.

St. Bernard Vegetable Pills.

WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address NEUSTADT & CO., 45 Mercer St., New York.

Grind your own Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, GRAHAM Flour and Corn in the SOLAND MILLS (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and Testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART, *By John B. Gough.*

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of laughter and tears." It sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. $100 a month made. *Distance no hindrance as we are Extra Terms* and *Pay Freights*. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE ONLY BAGGER IN THE WORLD.

$50 REWARD

will be paid for any Grain Fan of same size that can clean and bag as much Grain or Seed in one hour as our Patent MONARCH Grain and Seed Separator and Bagger or our Improved Warehouse Mill which we offer cheap. Price List mailed free. NEWARK MACHINE CO., Columbus, Ohio. East. Branch House, Hagerstown, Md.

ASK FOR THE

W. L. DOUGLAS

Best material, perfect fit, equals any $5 or $6 shoe, every pair warranted. Take none unless stamped "W. L. Douglas' $3.00 Shoe. Warranted." Congress, Button and Lace. Boys ask for the W. L. Douglas' $2.00 Shoe. Same styles as the $3.00 shoe. If you cannot get these shoes from dealers, send address on postal card to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

PENSIONS to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Atty. Washington, D.C.

MEN SUFFERING FROM WEAKNESS, Nervous Debility, &c., find sure cure in Bi-Metallic Anodets. Prices $5.00. Circular (sealed) 2 cents. BI-METALLIC CO., 737, sixth Avenue, N. Y.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

ASTHMA CURED! German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases. Insures cure. Sold by druggists; effects cures where all others fail. If tried convinces the most skeptical. Price 50 cts. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

ORGANS The most beautiful and finest toned in the world. Low prices, easy payment. Send for Catalogue. Address Weaver Organ & Piano Co., YORK, PA.

GIVEN AWAY! To introduce them, One 16 cents in postage stamps to pay mailing and wrapping, large parlor engraving of all "OUR PRESIDENTS," size, 22 by 28 inches; worth $1. Also send one in the commonly closely and if immediately for cash and secure the agency of the best selling book now published, "The Lives and Crimes of Our Presidents." Hundreds of copies can be sold here. Address Exano Pub. Co., 304 Wabash Av., Chicago.

HOUSEHOLD.

WHEN hard finished walls have been kalsomined the soiled coats should be washed or scraped off before a new one is put on. This is the most disagreeable part of the process. The furniture should be covered, as the lime makes spots that are removed with difficulty, especially upon black walnuts.

For restoring faded and gray hair to its original color, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

Sufferers from malarial disorders will find a specific in Ayer's Ague Cure. Try it.

A DEAL table is the foundation, which must be covered with colored glazed cambric. Over this is a cover of linen, ornamented with designs in cross-stitch worked with crewel or embroidery silk; the spaces between the designs have threads drawn to form an insertion. The border corresponds, and is edged with a handsome fringe. The drapery is arranged in plaits, with a cross-stitch design on each. A pretty circular cushion is placed in front of the glass; this is of cambric, the color of the lining of table cover, ornamented at the top with an appliqne design, edged with a flounce of lace finished by a ruche of satin ribbon. The hairpin cushion, a very necessary article of a lady's toilet table, is a little basket, filled by a cushion covered with knitting and ornamented by a drape of embroidered cloth. This same design for a table can be carried out in cretonne. It looks exceedingly pretty at trifling cost. The cover can then be edged with a box-plaited quilting instead of fringe, if desired.

THE following is a very delicious pudding, the recipe for which I begged from Mrs. Marshall of the school of cookery for you, writes Miss Madge in London *Truth*: Pour half a pint of warm cream on the crumbs of two French rolls, two ounces of castor sugar, one ounce of vanilla chocolate and five large eggs beaten up. Always use a rather low mould with a pipe in for this pudding, and after having buttered it, line it with well-buttered paper; pour in it the mixture and steam it for twenty minutes, or half an hour; then turn it out and remove the paper; pour chocolate sauce over it and serve a rice compote of fruit in the center. And this is how the chocolate sauce is made: To three ounces of vanilla chocolate add two ounces of castor sugar and a good half pint of water. When it boils stir in a tablespoonful of creme de riz that has been mixed in a little cold water. Boil all together till quite smooth; then tammy and use.

HERE is a savory dish of rice: Put one-quarter of a pound of well-washed rice in a saucepan with enough cold water to cover it, and let it boil for five minutes. Drain it and put it back in the saucepan with three-quarters of a pint of milk and a little pepper and salt; then boil gently until it is rather dry and quite soft. Place alternate layers of the rice and grated cheese in a small, well-buttered baking-dish, making cheese the top layer. Put some small bits of dripping on the cheese; brown in a good oven and serve very hot.

A RECIPE for cooking veal cutlets. After the cutlets are trimmed, salt and pepper them and broil them on each side over a brisk fire for five minutes; then place them without delay on a buttered dish by the fire. While the cutlets are broiling prepare the sauce for them: Mix three eggs with two tablespoonfuls of flour, seasoning with a very little nutmeg and salt and pepper; then mix carefully with two cups of milk, and pour over the cutlets. Put the dish in the oven until the cutlets are well browned; then serve.

PICKLED WALNUTS. — Gather the walnuts when the sun is on them, and before the shell is hard, which may be known by running a pin into them. Put them into strong salt and water for nine days, stir them twice a day and change the water every three days. Then place them in a hair sieve and let them remain in the air until they turn black. Then make a pickle of the following ingredients. To every two quarts of vinegar add half an ounce of mace, half an ounce of cloves, the same of black pepper, ginger and long pepper and two ounces of salt. Boil it and put it over the walnuts and seal up.

A DAINTY dish for breakfast or lunch is made of slices of fresh crisp toast, buttered very slightly. On each slice put salmon and cucumber, or cold meat and chutney; sprinkle with pepper and wrap each slice in a lettuce leaf that has been steeped in vinegar.

ARTICLES of a delicate blue that must be washed are often ruined in the process; this may be avoided by adding an ounce of the sugar of lead to a pailful of water, and letting the article lie in this for an hour and a half or two hours; let it dry then, after which it may be washed without injury. This is said to be a perfect remedy for the trouble referred to.

CARAMEL PUDDING. — Prepare a mold by giving it a thick coating of caramel sugar; when this has set, pour into the mould a custard, made of the yelks of eight eggs and one and a-half pints of the best cream; steam for one hour and serve when cold.

FOR GOOSEBERRY JAM.—A gill of water to each pound of ripe fruit; boil for an hour. Then add the sugar, three-quarters of a pound for every pound weight of the fruit. Cook slowly for another hour.

BEDROOMS furnished in tints of sea foam and pea green are in favor for the summer. White and a few touches of pink add to the cool and pretty effect.

FURNITURE needs cleaning as much as any other woodwork. It may be washed with soap suds quickly, wiped dry, and then rubbed with an oily cloth. To polish it rub with rottenstone and sweet oil. Clean off the oil and polish with chamois skin.

A TEASPOONFUL of borax put in the last water in which clothes are rinsed whiten them wonderfully. Pound the borax so it will dissolve easily.

FROZEN cream will not make good butter. Care should be taken to keep the milk in a room or spring house at an even temperature in winter as well as in summer.

To clean bottles, put into the bottle some kernels of corn, a tablespoonful of ashes; pour it half full of water, and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you will find the bottle as good as new.

By a new German process finely divided tin is precipitated upon textile fabrics, giving a flexible and brilliant coating.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

WILL CURE

HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
MALARIA
CHILLS AND FEVERS
TIRED FEELING
GENERAL DEBILITY
PAIN IN THE BACK & SIDES
IMPURE BLOOD
CONSTIPATION
FEMALE INFIRMITIES
RHEUMATISM
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KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed Red Lines on wrapper.

TAKE NO OTHER.

DR. KILMER'S INDIAN CURE

CONSUMPTION Oil.

Every ingredient is from Vegetable products that grow in sight of every sufferer. IT has no Morphine, Opium or injurious Drugs.

Every dose goes right to the spot.
In Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter,
colds settle in the Mucous Membranes
After using
Before using

Nose, Throat, Bronchial Tubes, Air-cells and Lung Tissues, causing Cough.

What Diseases Invade the Lungs? Scrofula, Catarrh-poisons, Micro-organisms, Humors, and Blood Impurities.

What are the Primary Causes? Colds, Chronic Cough, Bronchitis, Congestion, Inflammation, Catarrh or Hay-Fever, Asthma, Pneumonia, Malaria, Measles, Whooping Cough and Croup.

RELIEVES QUICKLY-CURES PERMANENTLY

It will stop that Coughing, Tickling in Throat, Dry-hacking and Catarrh-dropping.

Is your Expectoration or Sputa

Frothy	*Blood-Stained*	*Catarrhal*
Pus (Matter)	*Yellowish*	*Canker-like*
Phlegm	*Tubercular*	*Muco-purulent?*

It prevents Decline, Night-Sweats, Hectic-Fever, and **Death** from Consumption.

25c, 50c, $1.00—6 bottles $5.00.

Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y., "Invalids' Guide to Health" (Sent Free). SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PIANOS A STEP IN ADVANCE OF ALL OTHERS. BETTER INSTRUMENTS. LOWER PRICES. EASIER TERMS A NEW PLAN. BEST YET.

A $400 PIANO FOR $250 OR $2 A WEEK

WRITE, INCLOSING STAMP FOR FULL PARTICULARS. BEIN BROS. & CO. NEWARK, N. J.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Strictures. Mfd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

has taken the lead in the sales of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction. MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tex.

has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the oldest. A. L. SMITH, Bradford, Pa.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

Salary and Expenses! SPEIRS' PORTABLE FORCE PUMP. It puts out fires, washes wagons, windows, etc., sprinkles lawns, streets, gardens, kills bugs, insects in plant, vine, tree, hills out boats, whitewashes hen-houses. Throws water 60 feet (20 gallons a minute, if needed). Price, $5. To introduce it will send for $3. AGENTS WANTED on salary and expenses. Sample free to agents. A. L. SPEIRS, North Windham, Maine.

JONES OF BINGHAMTON

5 TON WAGON SCALES, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Brass Box. **$60** AND JONES to pay the freight—for free Price List mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N.Y.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

CENTRE HALL, PA., JULY 21, 1886.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

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AT POPULAR (LOWEST) PRICES.

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Merchants' Place, Bellefonte.

D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

— Campmeetings will soon be in order. Have heard of none so far.

——Mrs. Sarah Neff, of this place, has improved somewhat in the last few days, from her illness.

——Harvest season is about over, picnics are plenty, and candidates are becoming numerous.

—The huckleberry crop will be a fair one this year. They are selling at five and six cents per quart.

——A bush meeting will begin at Houserville, on Thursday evening of this week and continue until Wednesday of next week.

——Dr. Christ, of Lemont, has gone to California as a delegate to the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

——About a hundred and twenty-five tickets were sold at this place for the excursion to the band pic-nic at Spring Mills on last Saturday.

——Messrs. Ike Harpster and James Gregg, of this place, are attending the National Guard encampment, held at Roaring Springs this year.

——The Methodists of Bellefonte expect to have a picnic at Dale's Summit on Thursday, 22. It was postponed one week on account of rain.

——Carpenters are busy putting on the finishing touches of the woodwork of Dentist Hosterman's house. His home is quite an improvement.

——John Harper down the way is on the sick roll, and Cal is putting in a hand in the harvest field along with looking after the prothonotaryship.

— Early peaches have made their appearance in our markets. Little, green and hard, every one guaranteed to give you a pain at ten cents a dozen.

— Mrs. Fischer, wife of Rev. Fischer, has left for Summerset county on months visit to her parents, accompanied by Mrs. Wm. Wolf. May they have a pleasant time.

——And now gold has been found at Westport, Clinton county. Bully for Clinton, she can now afford to let Centre have the congressman and senator and pay all the campaign expenses.

——The temperance lectures on last Wednesday and Thursday evenings was attended by a fair number of our town people. The women as usual were in strong majority on both occasions.

——The proceeds of the band festival at Linden Hall amounted to about seventy dollars. The rain in the evening kept many away and made the receipts some what smaller than was expected.

——Mr. D. F. Luse is at present engaged in frescoing the Methodist church at this place. We took a "peep" at the ceiling the other day, although not finished we predict a fine job. Mr. Lose is a good workman and understands the business.

——Huckleberries are very plenty in some parts of the mountains bordering our valley. Hundreds of bushels are brought in to the stores at Spring Mills, where they are sold for five cents per quart. One man we are told has already picked forty bushels.

——The Presbyterian Sabbath school of Bellefonte, had a picnic in the grove about 1 mile this side of Linden Hall on Friday. The party fiilled six cars and had their baskets filled with goodies. With swings and other amusements little and big seemed to enjoy themselves.

——On last Friday afternoon quite a number of Centre Hall folks were fooled to Bellefonte to see a poor game of ball between the team of that place, and Williamsport. The score was 24 to 8 in favor of the latter team. The main feature of the game was the poor playing of the home team and the treatment they received from the Williamsport boys.

——Last Sunday we saw our jolly station agent walking down street with a broad grin on his face and looking as though he had lately fallen heir to a cattle ranch or gold mine in the West. We asked him what happend. "Oh" says he, as his face grew brighter, "A little fellow stopped at our house this morning; he is a big fat bouncing boy with black hair, black eyes, red cheeks, and is the very picture of his papa."

——Mr. W. W. McLaughlin and wife left for their home in Illinois, last week. Mr. McLaughin is a first-class miller and for several months past, had charge of the roller mill at this place. His work was so satisfactory that the mill was able to compete with the best and succeeded in building up a large trade in different parts of the state. He expects to take charge of a new mill with a capacity of four hundred barrels per day, in Illinois.

——From the Milton Economist: During the severe thunder storm Wednesday evening, occurred among other casualties the following: The wife and daughter of Mr. Samuel Beck, a farmer living in Union county, five miles west of New Columbia, were milking the cows when a bolt of lightning struck the cow which the wife was milking, killing it instantly; the wife was stunned by the shock. Another cow which the daughter was milking was knocked down but sprang up immediately, the daughter was injured but how much has not yet been ascertained. Both ladies are under medical treatment.

——We are in receipt of a catalogue of Bunker Hill, Ill., Academy, a flourishing institution, of which Rev. S. L. Stiver, A. M., formerly of Potters Mills, is principal.

——Zion's Herald, edited by Rev. S. G. Shannon, Sunbury, No 2, for July, is on our table. An interesting little monthly, upon which we congratulate our former townsman. The Lutherans of Sunbury, the largest congregation in town, Rev. S. G. Shannon, pastor, will soon commence the erection of a new house of worship on Market street. They have a large church, but its location in the lower yard of the Pennsylvania R.R. where engines are continually shifting, brings annoyance to worshipers.

——Michael Swartz writes the REPORTER from Stephenson co. Ill., July 10: Henry Keen was visiting at my home for the last month, and has left for Lee county, to see his cousin, from thence to Will county. He expects to arrive home about the middle of August. Crops are good; corn looks well, the appearance is better than for many years. The corn is about two weeks earlier than last year.

——Mr. John Slack and Levi Stump, across the valley, cut 36 acres of wheat in 2½ days, and put in 20 loads of hay in one day, which shows that the men who can do a big days work are not all dead yet. How is that for high, Johnny?

——John Emerick, a young man aged 16 years, was drowned in the river at Karthaus Saturday evening. He was in company with several others and going too near the schute was sucked in by the reaction and drowned before assistance could be given. Others in the party made narrow escapes.

——The stone mansion house at Boiling Springs, belonging to Mann's has been sold to Daniel Garman, of Bellefonte, for $1450. Cheap.

——The wife of Jacob Breon, of Penn township, fell from a cherry tree, one day last week, and broke one of her arms above the wrist, and received other severe bruises. Mrs. Breon is recovering from the fall.

——The merchants of Union county held a preliminary meeting at Lewisburg to adopt measures looking to the enforcement of the law governing hawking and peddling in the county, and organized a merchants' protective association.

——The barn on the farm of J. T. McClure, in Union twp. Mifflin co., was struck by lightning on Friday night, 9th and burned to the ground, with 32 loads of hay and 5 loads of wheat and 30 bushels of old wheat in the granery. Mr. Richard Young, the tenant, lost his smoked meat, nearly all his farming utensils, including a wagon, which was in the barn loaded with wheat.

——The few who have responded to our notices for money have our thanks—now let the rear come forward, it is by far the larger part, and we need the needful.

——The lever of a brick machine which halted in town the other day, accidently sprung from its fastening and took ex-sheriff Spangler back of the ear in a manner to see all the stars and several comets for a few moments.

——The *Gazette* is playing a feint with one of the Democratic candidates. The thing is too thin—what that Republican sheet wants is a weak Democratic ticket so it can raise the cry of "Rats" and "Bohemian oats."

——Mr. Newton Bouse, son of Rev. Bouse, formerly a pastor of the M. E. church at this place, paid the town a visit on last Sunday. He is at present clerking in Zeller's drug store Bellefonte.

——At the communion services held at Spring Mills last Sabbath, the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of New York, preached the sermon—to the profit and pleasure of his many friends.

——On last Friday Mr. Stewart moved his brick machine from Millheim to Dale's meadow below Pleasant Gap. The machine is one of the latest patents and is capable of turning out eighteen thousand first-class brick per day. Dry clay is used and after leaving the machine the brick are ready for the kiln which is a great saving of time and labor.

——AARONSBURG.—Luther Stover, has been seriously ill from typhoid fever, for several weeks. Mrs. Emanuel Ettinger is very feeble and supposed to be near her last days. Mrs. J. G. Meyer has been suffering from a fall, and is unable to leave the house in consequence. Our people have sort of split as to manner of a centennial—not to have it would be a great disappointment to many abroad. Y

——There will be a meeting of Centre County Pomona Grange at Centre Hall, on Tuesday August 3. J. A. KELLER, Master.
J. C. GILLILAND, Sec'y.

——Dr. Rob. Hayes, one of Bellefonte's young and promising physicians stopped in our town a few hours, one day of last week. The Dr. has been taking a pleasure trip with horse and buggy the last two weeks and was on his way home. He reports having a fine drive and a very pleasant time.

FROM MR. WALKER.

S. E. Walker, of Nittany Valley, and husband of the lady who died from the effects of injuries inflicted by a bull tramping her, writes and says the published reports of the terrible affair were misstated in some particulars. Mr. Walker's version is, substantially: The bull did not chase the woman, but, hearing her coming behind him, and being blind of one eye, was startled and turned quickly, knocking Mrs. Walker down. It was then that the animal pawed her, inflicting the injuries which proved fatal. He says that the bull was not a cross or vicious animal but as docile as a cow. Mrs. Walker died peacefully and her death is much regretted by all that knew her.

——Clothing to suit all classes—suits for farmers, mechanics, laboring men, lawyers, doctors, preachers, and boys, at the Philad. Branch, headquarters, and where you invariably get a suit at from $3 to $10 less than at any other store. Call at Lewins' and satisfy yourself of the truth of this fact.

HARVEST HOME AT SPRING MILLS.

The harvest home at Spring Mills on last Saturday 17 held under the auspices of the band of that place, was larger than had been expected. An excursion train was run from Bellefonte in the afternoon and returned in the evening at 10.30. Every station along the line had some representatives aboard and by the time the train had reached Centre Hall standing room was only left for the crowd that got on. The Logan Hose company of Bellefonte in full uniform and the Zion band accompanied them. Upon arriving a parade was formed which passed thro' the principal portions of the town and returned to the grove, a short distance below the station where festivities took place. A game of ball was played in the afternoon by the Lemont team and a picked nine from Spring Mills and Bellefonte. Score, 8 to 9 in favor of the latter. The remainder of the day was spent in various amusements, dancing, racing, etc. The Bellefonte boys had a big time and seemed to enjoy themselves. Rain in the evening kept many away, but on a whole it was a success and the band no doubt realized a fair sum.

——Nights and mornings still continue cool with us.

——Prof. Bitner and family, of Kutztown, are visiting at J. D. Murray's, parents of Mrs. Bitner, in this place.

——The wheat crop is harvested, and will pan out a trifle better than expected but at best will be short enough.

——The celebrated Regulator Cook Stoves with high pipe shelves, and, without doubt, the best, heaviest, largest and most convenient cook stoves in the market. McFarlanes of Bellefonte, have only a limited number at reduced prices.

——Messrs. Charles and Michael Dersine are home from Lewistown to spend a few days with us. Mike is learning photography under his brother Charles who is considered an expert in the business, and receives good prices for his work. Chas. is an old typo of this office and has not lost the art as he handled himself in good style the other day in "setting" a few lines for us.

——On Tuesday of this week, Messrs. Harry Bush, John Bullock, Harry Jenkins and Geo Meek, some of Bellefonte's representative young men gave us a call. They accompanied the Methodist picnic of Bellefonte as far as Linden Hall and then took the regular train for this place. Of course they did'nt leave the town without first calling on some of our young ladies.

——Mr. Blanchard who has been stopping at the hotel for several weeks, left, accompanied by his wife on Tuesday last for some part of the west. Mr. Blanchard was interested in the automatic fence machine patent and expected to have his machines manufactured at this place but has since changed his mind—another opportunity lost.

——A fellow told us that nearly all the Good Templars were full at their "jamboree," on Tuesday evening, but we don't believe it.

——About fifty English sparrows were killed on Tuesday evening by shooting fine shot into the top of a tree in front of Mr. Smith's house where they are accustomed to congregate at night. They are said to be a fine dish when properly prepared.

——Quite a large delegation from Bellefonte attended a meeting of the Good Templars at this place on Tuesday evening.

——Rain set in on Tuesday night, with more to-day, Wednesday.

——One of the workmen at Huyett & Livingoods saw mill about three miles west of Centre Hall, named Barger, had the thumb of one of his hands cut off between the two joints, by coming in contact with a saw. He was brought to Dr. Jacobs for treatment who found it necessary to perform an amputation at the joint, near the hand.

——You save at least 25 to 30 per cent. in the purchase of ready-made clothing at the Philad. Branch. Lewins has the largest and best assortment of suits for men and boys in this section of the state.

——The M. E. Sabbath school of Bellefonte, had a picnic in the grove this side of Linden Hall on Tuesday. The day was fine and a very pleasant time was had.

——On Tuesday two cows were killed by a special train in the cut beyond Lemont.

——Col D. G. Bush, of Bellefonte, has recovered from his recent illness sufficiently to be able to come to our town with a pic-nic party.

——The illness of John Harper turns out to be very serious—supposed to be spinal meningetis.

——If you want a comfortable summer suit, go to the Philad. Branch, and you will find what will keep you cool and at considerable less money than elsewhere.

——The Good Templars of this place had a very interesting meeting on Tuesday evening. Twenty-four representatives of the Bellefonte lodge, two of Lewistown lodge, Prof. Weber of Neversink lodge, Irvin Pa., and Mrs. McMurray, of the Grand Lodge were present. The sessions was a regular meeting and members only were admitted.

LATE NEWS.

The Chicago dynamiters are finding the courts a very hot place.

The senate passed the oleomargarine bill by 37 to 24. The tax was reduced from 5 to 2 cts. per pound.

Collieries at Mt. Carmel have suspended and 1300 men are idle.

Garden City, Kan., July 20.—A severe wind and rain storm struck Lakin, 22 miles west of here, last evening about 5 o'clock, and demolished 20 houses, badly but not fatally injuring some 10 or 12 persons. The storm was not a cyclone, but a heavy straight wind.

The card of J. C. Harper appears in another column as a candidate for Prothonatary. Cal was so obliging and efficient when he served the office that he needs no praise, as all know him so well. The sickness of his father requires his presence at the paternal home, and prevents his looking after his chances as a candidate. His friends will therefore see the necessity of putting in a few extra licks for him.

George Campbell, Hopkinsville, Ky. says; "Burdock Blood Bitters is the best preparation for the Blood and Stomach ever manufactured."

THE SNAKE DANCE.

A CURIOUS ANNUAL CUSTOM OF PUEBLO INDIANS.

Scattering the Sacred Meal—Carrying a Serpent in the Mouth—A Weird Performance—Exciting Scene at the Close of the Ceremony.

The antelope men, some ten in number, came in first. They entered in single file and marched around four times in an irregular circle, approaching the hut from the north. They then took up their positions on either side of the hut facing out. The snake men, about fifteen in number, then entered the court, marching in the same direction as the others had. As they passed the hut, they scattered some sacred meal and stamped on a concealed board in front of the door. This board is buried in the ground, immediately in front of the door of the hut, and hollow scooped out under the middle of it. Each performer, as he passes, scatters some sacred meal (which is a form of prayer), and stamps on this board, producing a hollow sound. The object is to call the attention of the gods to the zeal of the performer, that he may be properly rewarded. By another version, if a dancer succeeds in breaking this board, which is nearly two inches thick, any wish that he may make for two succeeding years will be granted. As the same board is used continuously until it wears out, it must be occasionally broken. It is possible however, that the man who gave me this version invented it.

After this stamping had been repeated four times, the snake men formed a line, facing the antelopes, and about six feet distant from them. The antelopes then commenced a low chant, in which the snake men joined. Occasionally the measure was changed for a few moments, and they made a gesture with their feather wands which each man carried in his right hand. The chant was kept up without intermission during the entire dance, and was accompanied by a peculiar rhythmical swaying motion of the body. When the feather shaking had been repeated four times, the snake men broke their line, and grouped themselves in front of the door of the hut.

A SNAKE IN HIS MOUTH.

A moment later the group parted, and one of the performers appeared, holding in his mouth a snake. A companion (also a snake man) joined him, passing his left arm over the first man's shoulder; and the pair passed around on the line previously pursued, with the peculiar step which, for want of a better name, is called a dance. The companion carried in his right had one of the feather wands before referred to, consisting of two large feathers (said to be those of the wild turkey), mounted in a short wooden handle, with a small red feather dangling from the end. This wand was constantly and very skillfully used by the companion to distract the attention of the snake held in the mouth of the other, and to keep its head forward. The man who carried the snake carried nothing in his hands. I have been told that the men who took this part kept their eyes tightly closed during the whole performance. This, however, I did not notice myself, though these dancers were always led back to the hut when it was desired to procure more snakes. The snake is held in the mouth between the lips, not between the teeth; and the mouth is filled with some substance, resembling meal in appearance, to avoid biting the snake when the dancer becomes excited. When a snake became unmanageable, the dancer simply opened his mouth, letting it fall to the ground.

Each of the couples described was followed by a single man or boy, whose duty it was to pick up the snakes as they were dropped. These also carried feather wands. I shall hereafter refer to those as collectors. As the snakes were dropped haphazard, at any place and at any time and as they manifested a lively disposition to get out of the way as soon as possible, the position was hardly a sinecure.

The second figure of the dance occupied about twenty minutes; though, after the first round, the order became somewhat broken, the collectors being grouped in the center, and darting here and there after snakes, while the dancers pranced round in an irregular circle. Each performer, as he dropped his snake, was led back to the hut by the companion for a new one; and this continued until the supply was exhausted.

A WEIRD PERFORMANCE.

The low chant of the antelopes, the dismal though rhythmical clank of the tortoise-shell rattle, the peculiar motion of the dances, the breathless attention of the spectators, all gave this part of the performance a weird character. The latter part of the figure, when the snakes had accumulated in the hands of the collectors, and the dancers became excited, was very interesting. One of the collectors had a dozen or more snakes in his hands and arms. When the number became to great for proper management, part of them were turned over to the antelope men, who remained in line on either side of the hut, and were held in their hands until the final figure.

The final figure was the most exciting. One of the performers, going a little to one side, drew in sacred meal a circle about thirteen feet in circumference. The diameters at right angles were drawn, and another line passing obliquely through their intersection, representing the cardinal points and the zenith and nadir. The latter are expressed by the line drawn from northwest to southeast.

The chant suddenly ceased and all those holding snakes made a rush for this circle and dropped them into it. The snakes formed a writhing mass, nearly filling the circle longitudinally and about six inches in height, as nearly as could be distinguished, as the whole figure lasted but a few seconds. The snake men then literally threw themselves into the circle. Each man seized as many of the reptiles as he could and made off with them at full speed, through the passage by which the procession had entered and through the other opening, and the public part of the performance was finished.

The snakes thus carried off were taken down to the foot of the mesa, and there released. On our way back to camp we met several parties returning from the performance of this duty.—Science.

Origin of the Game of "Billiards."

I've been laughing to myself about a supremely idiotic paragraph I read somewhere stating that the game of billiards was originated by an English personage named Bill Yard, who seemed to be a kind of combined pawnbroker and barber. He would take down the three balls from in front of his shop and push them about with a stick. So was born the game, and it was called billiards, after the man who discovered it, and, because he did hair fixing, the stick was called a cue.

The word billiard is in French billard, and meant at first the stick or staff with which the ball is struck, and is allied to billot, a block or billet of wood. The game originated in either France or Italy, and was known in England as early as the sixteenth century.—Philadelphia News.

The females in the West Virginia penitentiary are paid 35 cents a day and the males 50 cents.

An Observer's Notes on the Ear.

Much of my observation is of course as yet tentative and uncertain. But of the contour I may freely say that I am convinced by every one of many keen observations that the man whose upper ear projects and bends forward is invariably one who is either very tractable, or desirous of learning, or very diligent. Such would be the qualities indicated from his habit of attending or giving attention to what passes around him. He is quick to learn, easy to train, provided his hand is delicate and facile enough to do what is required of him on occasion.

On the other hand, the man whose ear buttons back to his head—is close to the skull in its tip and posterior margin, evinces opposite qualities. He is intractable, inattentive, heedless; he is accustomed to hear, it is true, but not to mind what he hears; to allow people's cruel, witty, wise, and trenchant sayings to go by unobserved. Nevertheless, such a man may be handled, by reason of his being unobservant. A good many excellent public servants have such ears, and must habitually be unobservant of many things, since so many uncomfortable affairs encompass and engage them that they would become quite miserable were they to heed them all.

The pointed ear is the ear of the turbulent, intractable man; who breaks out occasionally in an original vein, and who has his days and hours of uneasiness. The ear bounded in its superior margin by a curved line, is that of the quiet, easy, amiable man.—Henry Clark in Phrenological Journal.

Miss Broughton, the Noted Novelist.

Rhoda Broughton, the famous English novelist, is thin and has hatchet features, but her manners are fascinating in the extreme. She has the unusual power of enthralling men, of whose society she is very proud. She is said, with the single exception of Ouida, to have refused more offers of marriage than any woman in Europe. One of the most famous and richest dukes in England—a member of the prince of Wales' set—has proposed to her a score of times, only to be refused. He has endeavor to drown his sorrow and tried to show his indifference by marrying twice in four years. One wife left him and he abandoned the other. Both are living. A grass widower for the second time, he still perseveres but Miss Broughton considers literature her spouse. She has refused three offers from three dukes, and earl or so, and a sprig of the Russian royal family, which shows more than ordinary strength of will for an English aristocracy-loving woman.—Chicago Times.

Was Not Fun Any More.

The police wagon is a recent innovation at Boston. The other day a confirmed drunkard who was being whirled along to the station house in one of these vehicles remarked despondingly: "There ain't no fun in gettin' drunk any more. It's only four minutes from the bar to the lock-up."—Chicago Times.

For Marrying Too Late in Life.

The other day a retired Russian major, aged 84, was sentenced to three days' arrest at Kieff for marrying too late in life, contrary to law.—Philadelphia Call.

Mr. Mills, the temperance orator, has examined the records in the court-house at Bellefonte, to ascertain the position of Gen. Beaver as a temperance man. Mr. Mills stated in his lecture in this place, a few days ago, that he finds some of the worst cases of applicants for license and violations of the license laws, have been championed by Gen. Beaver. This record runs back a dozen years, and yet Mr. Mills says that Gen. Beaver is being held up as a good enough temperance man by some of the professed temperanse folks in the Republican party.

Sudden changes of weather produce and aggravate colds and develop dormant conditions of Catarrh. The longer it runs the worse it becomes. Keller's Catarrh Remedy is the great cure for Catarrh. Try it.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

——Tetter, Scrofula and Erysipelas cured for 25 cents. Dr. Smith's Salve. At druggists. No patent remedy.

FOR SALE.—A new two-story house and lot with stable, at Centre Hall station. Apply to F. Kurtz. tf

——Steady employment during the next 12 months on salary is offered in another column by the Van Dusens of Geneva. They are an old and reliable firm. 23jun3t

——IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Persons who have made small subscriptions on account of the Centre Hall Lutheran church, will greatly oblige by paying same if possible, on Saturday afternoon, July 24, when preparatory services will be held. Those having large subscriptions can pay over a portion. Laborers on the church want money and should be paid, hence it is to be hoped that this request will be responded to either on the above occasion or before. Money can be paid over to the pastor, Rev. Wm E. Fischer.

By request of the Committee.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET

Beef cattle were fairly active. Extra 5¼a6, good 5¼a5½, medium 4¾a5, and common 3¾a4¾.

Fat cows were dull 2¾a4¼.

Milch cows were dull at $25a$55.

Veal calves were dull at 3a5.

Sheep were in fair request and firm. Extra 4¾, good 4¼a4½, medium 3¾a4, common 1¾a3¾, lambs 5a7.

Hogs were fairly active at 7a7¼ for Western.

STATE SENATOR.

We are authorized to announce that C. T. Alexander, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Senator, subject to Democratic rules.

CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce that J. L. Spangler, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Congress, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that L. W. Shafer, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Aaron Williams, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. Harper, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Prothonatary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. Meyer, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for district attorney, subject to Democratic usages.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

MARKETS.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, June 14, 1886.

BUTTER.			
Creamery, Penn'a, extra			16
" Western "			17
EGGS.			
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates		13
" " "	bbls		12½
Western, ex brands	crates		12½
LIVE POULTRY.			
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb		10½
" mixed "	"		10
" Western, straight	"		10½
" " mixed	"		10
Spring Chickens	"	10	18
Roosters	"		8
Ducks, Spring	"		12
DRESSED POULTRY.			
Fowls, extra	per lb		11
" choice	"		10½
" scalded	"		10
Chickens, Spring	"	20	25
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.			
Calves, Del & Md, prime	per lb		6½
" Fair to good	"		5½
" Common stock	"		5
Sheep, prime	"		5
Lambs, extra	$3.00		4.50
Live Cattle	"		6
Hogs, live	"		6¼
Pigs, live	"		9
SEEDS.			
Timothy	per bu	1 90	2 00
Clover	per lb	9½	10
Flax	per bu		1 40
WOOL.			
Tub-Washed	per lb	28	30
Unwashed	"	18	29
FEATHERS.			
Choice Geese	per lb		48
Prime "	"	44	46
Chicken	"	4	8
Turkey, as to quality	"	4	5
Duck	"	25	30
HIDES.			
Hides, Dry	per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted	"	10	12
Hides, Green, Steer	"	6½	7
" " Cow	"		6
" " Bull	"	4	5½
" Salted Steer	"		9
" " Cow	"		8
Sheep Skins, per piece		25	1 25
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb		6½
Tallow, Solid	"		4½
" Cake	"		4½
Honey in Comb	"		11
Country Soap	"		4

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuation

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.
14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

ESTATE OF JOHN G. SANKEY, DECEASED. Letters of Administration on the estate of John G. Sankey, late of Potter township, Centre county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Clement Dale, residing in Bellefonte, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay. CLEMENT DALE,
2jun-6t Administrator.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Jacob Wagner, Sr., deceased, late of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
JACOB WAGNER,
16jun6t J. H. WAGNER,
Executors, Tusseyville, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Wm. Mulbarger, deceased, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
W. J. THOMPSON,
9jun6t WM. S. MULBARGER,
Adm'r, Potters Mills.

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, at Centre Hill, on the 13 inst., one ewe and two lambs. The lambs are not docked. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same, otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.
Jas. B. Strohm.
Jas. Ott, Town Clerk. jun 30

ESTRAY.—Came to the residence of the undersigned, at the old Foust hotel, Potter twp., about July 2 a [illegible] red bull, with white belley, and head [illegible]. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs, and remove the same, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.
G. K. DECKER.
JAS. OTT, Town Clerk. jul14

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will exposed at public sale on the premises, near Tusseyville, Centre county, on Saturday, August 28, at 1 o'clock p. m., an elegant farm residence, late the property of Hon. John K. Runkle, dec'd. The same being a tract of land containing about 79 Acres, more or less, and in a state of high cultivation. The farm is one of the best producing in Pennsvalley. There are about 10 Acres of good timber land adjoining it, which will be sold with the farm. There are two good Orchards, one just beginning to bear. Good well and cistern water at the door. But one mile to church, school house and postoffice. As a farm residence for location, convenience and comfort it is unsurpassed by any in the county.

Terms of Sale.—One-third of purchase money on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.
LUCINDA RUNKLE,
Administratrix.
SPANGLER & HEWES, Attorneys for Estate.

REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.—Will be offered at private sale, the following described real estate, situate in Harris, twp., Centre co., two miles east of Boalsburg: A Tract of Land containing 39 acres and 40 perches, six acres being good timberland and balance clear. Thereon erected a good two story frame Dwelling House, Good Barn and all necessary outbuildings. A cistern and good well are on the place. Terms reasonable. For further particulars appy to
Wm. Bradford Centre Hall.

In this age of adulterated goods it is a pleasure to find an article that is absolutely pure. Such an artitcle is Dreydoppel's Borax Soap, and the price is so reasonable that there is no excuse for anybody using common adulterated soap. jul

I had given myself up as lost on account of inherited scrofula. Tried every thing for purifying the blood without benefit until I used Parker's Tonic, and can truthfully say that it has cured me. I still use it for its splendid effect on my general health. H. K. Lynd, Chicago. ju

"Her features are not attractive, yet what an attractive face she has." It is her beautiful hair. Once it was thin, grayish and fading. A few bottles of Parker's Hair Balsam wrought the transformation. It will do as much for anybody. jul

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES
As a Remedy for Pulmonary Affections and Scrofulous Diseases.

Dr. Ira M. Lang, a prominent physician in New York, says: I am greatly pleased with your Emulsion. Have found it very serviceable in above diseases, and it is easily administered on account of its palatableness. jul

——To clear stock for this season, I will sell my stock of Canaries, Red birds and Goldfinchs at almost cost. This is a good opportunity to secure a fine singer at a small cost. J. D. MURRAY.